THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

"HERE'S A $50 BABY! AND AS FINE A ONE AS EVER WAS BORN. I CALL HIM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS."

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE]

HAUNTED!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

I am but one,—the summer sun
Shineth down brightly as I pass,
Yet do I dream that there doth seem
Another step upon the grass,
When naught but the roses red I see,
And the merry birds in the green elm tree?

I am alone,—the midnight moon,
The mystic moon, shines full on me,
There is no speech in the sandy beach,
Nor soul in the billowy sea,
The sandy beach and the sea are all,—
Then whence did that meaningless shadow fall?

I am alone,—the silent air,
The speechless fields are all that's near,—
There is no friend a word to send,
To reach me through the distance drear.
Even the birds are still, on the tree:—
What whispered that terrible thing to me?

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

AN AVOWAL.

Daffodil's Delight was in all the glory of the lock-out. The men, having nothing to do, improved their time by enjoying themselves; they stood about the street or lounged at their doors, smoking short pipes and quaffing draughts of beer. Let money run over so short, you will generally see that the beer and the pipes can be found. As yet, the evils of being out of work were not felt; for weekly pay, sufficient for support, was supplied them by the Union Committee. The men were in high spirits—in that sort of mood implied by the words "Never say die," which was often in their mouths. They expressed themselves determined to hold out: and this determination was continually fostered by the agents of the Union, of whom Sam Shuck was a chief. Many of the more temperate, who had not particularly urged the strike, were warm supporters now of the general opinion, for they regarded the lock-out as an unwarrantable piece of tyranny on the part of the masters. As to the ladies, they were overwarm partisans, generally speaking; they made the excitement, the unsettled state of Daffodil's Delight, an excuse for their own idleness, (they are only too ready to do so,) and collected in groups round the men, or squatted themselves on door-steps, proclaiming their opinion of existing things, and boasting that they'd hold out for their rights till death.

Seated in a chair at the bottom of her garden, just within the gate, was Mary Baxendale. Not that she was there to join in the gossip of the women, or had any intention of joining in it: she was simply sitting there for air.

Mary Baxendale was fading. Never very strong, she had, for the last year or two, been gradually declining, and, with the excessive heat of the past summer, her remaining strength appeared to have gone out. Her occupation, that of a seamstress, had not tended to keep her in health; she had a great deal of work offered her, her skill being superior, and she had sat at it early and late.—Mary was very good, very conscientious, and she was anxious to contribute a full share to the home support. Her father had married again, had now two young children, and it almost appeared to Mary as if she were an interloper in the paternal home. Not that the new Mrs. Baxendale made her feel this: she was a bustling, hearty woman, fond of show and spending, and of setting off her babies; but she was kind to Mary.

The capability of exertion appeared to be past, and Mary's days were chiefly spent in a quiescent state of rest, frequently sitting out of doors. This day—it was now the beginning of September—was an unusually bright one, and she drew her invalid shawl round her, and leaned back in her seat, looking out on the lively scene, at the men and women congregating in the road, and inhaling the fresh air: at least, as fresh as it could be got in Daffodil's Delight.

"How do you feel to-day, Mary?"

The questioner was Mrs. Quale. She had come out of her house in her bonnet and shawl, bent on some errand, and stopped to accost Mary.

"I am pretty well to-day; that is I should be, if it were not for the weakness."

"Weakness, ay!" cried Mrs. Quale, in a snapping sort of tone. "And what have you had this morning to fortify you against the weakness?"

A faint blush rose to Mary's thin face. The subject was a sore one to the mind of Mrs. Quale, and that lady was not one to spare such with her tongue. The fact was, that at the present moment, and for some little time past, Mary's condition and appetite had required unusual nourishment; but, since the lock-out, this had not been procurable by John Baxendale. Sufficient food the household had as yet, but it was of a plain, coarse sort, not suitable for Mary; and Mrs. Quale, bitter enough against the existing condition of things before, touching the men and their masters, was not, by this, rendered less so.—Poor Mary, in her patient meekness, would have subsided into her grave with famine, rather than complain of what she saw no help for.

"Did you have an egg at eleven o'clock?"

"Not this morning. I did not feel greatly to care for it."

"Rubbish!" responded Mrs. Quale. "I may say I don't care for the moon, because I know I can't get it."

"But I really did not feel to have any appetite just then," repeated Mary.

"And if you had a appetite, I suppose you couldn't have been any the nearer satisfying it! You let your stomach get empty, and, after bit the craving goes off and sickness comes on, and then you say you have no appetite. But there! 'taint your fault; where's the use of my—"

"Why, Mary, girl, what's the matter?"

The interruption to Mrs. Quale proceeded from Dr. Bevary. He was passing the gate with Miss Hunter. They stopped at sight of Mary. Mrs. Quale took up the discourse.

"She don't look over-flourishing, do she, sir?—do she, Miss Florence? She have been as bad as this—oh, for a fortnight, now."

"Why did you not send my uncle word, Mary?" spoke Florence, impulsive in the cause of good as she had been when a child. "I am sure he would have come to see you."

"You are very kind, miss, and Dr. Bevary, also," said Mary. "I could not think of troubling him with my poor ailments, especially as I feel it would be useless. I don't think anybody can do me good on this side the grave, sir."

"Tush, tush!" interposed Dr. Bevary.—"That's what many sick people say; but they get well in spite of it. Let us see you a bit closer."

He went inside the gate, and casually examined her; felt her pulse, her chest, her skin; looked at her fixedly, especially at the inside of the eyelids. "How do you feel?" he asked, standing before her, when it was over. "What are your symptoms?"

"I am just sinking, sir, as it seems to me; sinking out of life, without much ailment to tell of. I have a great deal of fever at night, and a dry cough. It is not so much consumption as—"

"Who told you it was consumption?" interrupted Dr. Bevary.

"The women about here call it so, sir. My step-mother does: but I should say it was more of a waste."

"Your step-mother is fond talking of what she can know nothing," remarked Dr. Bevary. "Neither can the women. Have you much appetite?"

"Yes, and that's the evil of it," struck in Mrs. Quale, determined to lose no opportunity of propounding her view of the case. "A pretty time this is for folks to have appetites, when there's not a copper being earned. I wish all strikes and lock-outs was put down now by law, I do. Nothing comes of 'em but empty cubbarts."

"Your cupboard need not be any the emptier for a lock-out," said Dr. Bevary, who sometimes, when conversing with the women of Daffodil's Delight, would fall familiarly into their mode of speech.

"No, thank goodness; we have been providenter than that, sir," returned Mrs. Quale. "A pity but what others could say the same. You might take a walk through Daffodil Delight, sir, from one end of it to the other, and not find half-a-dozen cubbarts with plenty in 'em just now. Serve 'em right! they should put by for a rainy day."

"Ah!" returned Dr. Bevary, "rainy days come to most of us as we go through life 'a one shape or other. It is well to provide for them."

"And it's well to keep out of 'em where it's practicable," wrathfully remarked Mrs. Quale. "There no more need have been this disturbance between masters and men, than there need be one between you and me, sir, this moment, afore you walk away. They be just idiots, are the men; and the women be worse, and I am tired of telling 'em so.—Look at 'em," added Mrs. Quale, directing the Doctor's attention to the female ornaments of Daffodil's Delight. "Look at their gowns, in jags, and their dirty caps! they make the men's being out of work an excuse for their idleness, and they just stick theirselves out there all day, a crowing and a gossiping."

"Crowing!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Crowing; every female one of 'em, like a cock upon its dunghill," responded Mrs. Quale. "There isn't one as can see an inch beyond her own nose. If the lock-out lasts, and starvation comes, let 'em see how they'll crow then—it'll be on the tother side their mouths, I fancy!"

"Money is dealt out to them by the Trades' Union, sufficient to live," observed Dr. Bevary.

"Sufficient not to starve," returned Mrs. Quale. "What is it, sir, to them as have enjoyed their thirty-five shilling a-week, and could hardly make that do, some of 'em? Look at the Baxendales. There's Mary, wanting more than she does in health; ay, and craving for it. A goot bit of meat once or twice in the day, an egg now and then, a cup of cocoa and mild, or good tea—not your wishy-washy stuff, bought in by the ounce—how is she to get it all? The allowance dealt out to John Baxendale keeps 'em in bread and cheese; I don't think it does in much else."

They were interrupted by John Baxendale himself. He came out of his house, touching his hat to the Doctor and to Florence. The latter had been leaning over Mary, inquiring softly into her ailments, and the complaint of Mrs. Quale, touching the short-comings of Mary's comforts, had not reached her ears.

"I am sorry, sir, you should see her so poorly," said Baxendale, alluding to his daughter. "She'll get better, I hope."

"I must try what a little of my skill will do towards it," replied the Doctor. "If she had sent me word she was ill, I would have come before."

"Thank ye, sir. I don't know as I should have been backward in asking you to come round and take a look at her; but a man don't like to ask favors when he has got no money in his pocket; it makes him feel little, and look little. Things are not in a satisfactory state with us all just now."

"They are not indeed."

"I never thought the masters would go to the extreme of a lock-out," resumed Baxendale. "It was a harsh measure."

"On the face of it it does seem so," responded Dr. Bevary. "But, what else could they have done? Have kept open their shops, that those out of work might have been supported from the wages they paid their men, and probably have found those men also striking at last? If you and others had wanted to escape a lock-out, Baxendale, you should have been cautious not to lend yourselves to the agitation that was smouldering."

"Sir, I know there's a good deal to be said on both sides," was the reply. "I never was for the agitation, or the strike; I set my face nearly dead against it. The worst is, we all have to suffer for it alike."

"Ay, that is the worst of things in this world," responded the Doctor. "When people do wrong, the consequences are rarely confined to themselves, but are spread over the innocent. Come, Florence. I will see you again later, Mary."

Mrs. Quale had already departed on her errand. John Baxendale turned to his daughter. "He was always a kind man, Mary. I hope he'll be able to do you good."

"I don't feel that he will, father," was the low answer. But Baxendale did not hear it; he was going out at the gate to join a knot of neighbors, who were gathered together at a distance.

"Will Mary Baxendale soon get well, do you think, uncle?" demanded Florence.

"No, my dear, I do not think she will."

There was something in the Doctor's tone that startled Florence.

"Uncle Bevary! you do not fear she will die?"

"I do fear it, Florence; and that she will not be long first."

"Oh!" Then, after she had gone a few paces further, Florence withdrew her arm from his. "I must go back and stay with her a little while, uncle. I had no idea of this."

"Mind you don't repeat it to her in your chatter," called out the Doctor; and Florence shook her head by way of answer.

"I am in no hurry to go home, Mary; I thought I would return and stay a little longer with you," was her greeting. "You must feel it dull, sitting here alone."

"Dull! oh, no, Miss Florence. I like sitting by myself and thinking."

Florence smiled.

"What do you think about?"

"Oh, miss, I quite lose myself in thinking. I think of my Saviour, and I think of the blessed life after this life—a place of rest, of love, of peace. I can hardly believe that I shall soon be there."

Florence paused.

"You do not seem to fear death, Mary. You speak rather as if you wished it.

"I do not fear it, Miss Florence. Ever since mother went, I have been, like, preparing for it. Besides, only think how much sorrow and trouble there is in this world."

"It is very strange," murmured Florence. "Mamma, too, believes she is near death, and she expresses no reluctance, no fear; I do not think she feels any."

"Miss Florence, it is only another proof of God's mercies: mother used to say so. Those whom the Saviour loves he gradually weans from this world, causing them to see death as it really is—a blessing, instead of a terror, if their hearts are right; so that, when the time comes, they are glad to die. There's a gentleman waiting to speak to you, miss."

Florence lifted her head hastily, and encountered the smile and the outstretched hand of Austin Clay. But that Mary Baxendale was unsuspicious, she might have gathered something from the vivid blush that overspread her cheeks.

"I thought it was you, Florence. I caught sight of a young lady from my sitting-room window; but you kept your head down before Mary."

"I am sorry to see Mary looking so ill. My uncle was here just now, but he has gone. I suppose you were deep in your books?" she said, with a smile, her face regaining its less radiant hue. "This lock-out must be a fine time for you."

"So fine, that I wish it were over," he answered. "I am sick of it already, Florence. A fortnight's idleness will tire out a man worse than a month's work."

"Is there any more chance of its coming to an end, sir?" anxiously inquired Mary Baxendale.

"I do not see it," gravely replied Austin. "The men appear to be too blind to come to any reasonable terms."

"Oh, sir, don't cast more blame to them than you can help!" she rejoined in a tone of intense pain. "They are led away by the Trades' Unions; they are indeed. If once they enrol under them, they must obey their behests."

"Well, Mary, it comes to what I say—that they are blinded. They should have better sense than to be led away."

"You speak as a master, sir."

"Probably I do; but I have brought my common sense to bear upon the question, both on the side of the masters and of the men; and I believe that this time the men are wrong. If they had labored under any real grievance, it would have been different; but they did not. Their wages were good, work was plentiful—"

At this moment Mrs. Baxendale threw up the first-floor window, and called out,

"I say, Mary, I wish you'd just come in and sit by the little ones a bit, while I go down to the back kitchen and rinse out the clothes."

Mary rose, taking up her pillow in her hand, wished good day to Florence, and went in-doors. Austin held open the gate for Florence to pass out. She stood a moment speaking to him after he had closed it, when some one came up, and laid his hand upon Austin's arm.

It was Lawyer Gwinn, of Ketterford. He had turned into Daffodil's Delight, and walked straight up to Austin at a quick pace, apparently in some anger or excitement.

"Young Clay, where is your master to-day?"

Neither the salutation, nor the manner of the man pleased Austin; his appearance, there and then, especially displeased him. His answer was spoken in haughty coldness—not in policy—and in a cooler moment Austin would have remembered that.

"Am I Mr. Hunter's keeper—if it be of him you speak—that you should seek to pry into his movements through me?"

A strangely bitter smile of conscious power parted the man's lips. "So you take part with him, do you, sir! It may be better, both for you and him, that you bring me face to face with him. They have denied me to him at his house; their master is out of town, they say; but I know it to be a lie: I know that the message was sent out to me by Hunter himself. I had a great mind to force—"

Florence, who was deadly white, interrupted, her voice haughty as Austin's had been.

"You labor under a mistake, sir. Papa is out of town. He went this morning."

Mr. Gwinn wheeled round to her: neither her tone nor Austin's was calculated to abate his anger.

"You are his daughter, then!" he uttered, with the same insolent stare, the same dis-

played irony he had once used to her mother. "The young lady whom people envy as Miss Hunter! What if I tell you a secret?—that you have no—"

"Be still!" shouted Austin. "Are you a man, or a demon? Miss Hunter, allow me," he cried, grasping the hand of Florence, and drawing her peremptorily towards Peter Quale's door, which he threw open. "Go up stairs, Florence, to my room: wait there until I come to you. I must be alone with this man."

Florence looked at him in amazement, as he pushed her into the passage. He was evidently in the deepest agitation: every vestige of color had forsaken his face, and his manner was authoritative as any father's could have been. She bowed to its power unconsciously, not a thought of resistance crossing her mind, and went straight up stairs to his sitting-room—although it was not precisely orthodox for a young lady so to do. Not a soul, save herself, appeared to be in the house.

A short colloquy and an angry one, and then Mr. Gwinn was returning the way he came, and Austin was springing up the stairs, five at a time.

"Will you forgive me, Florence? I could not do otherwise."

What with the suddenness of the proceedings, their strangeness, and her own doubts and emotion, Florence burst into tears.—Austin—lost his head. In the agitation of the moment he suffered his long-controlled feelings to get the better of him, and spoke words that he had long successfully repressed within him.

"My darling!" he whispered, taking her hands, "I wish I could have shielded you from it! Florence, you know—you must long have known—that my dearest object in life is you—your happiness, your welfare. I had not intended to say this so soon; it has been forced from me: you must pardon me for saying it here and now."

She gently disengaged herself; and he allowed it. Her wet eyelashes fell on her blushing cheeks like a damask rose glistening with the morning dew. "But this mystery?—it does seem one," she exclaimed. "Is not that man Gwinn, of Ketterford?"

"Yes."

"Brother to the lady who seemed to cause so much emotion to papa. Ah! I was but a child at the time, but I noticed it. Austin, I think there must be some dreadful secret. What is it? He comes to our house at periods, and is closeted with papa, and papa is more miserable than ever after it."

"Whether there is, or is not, it is not for us to inquire into it. I hastened you in," he quickly went on, not caring to be more explanatory, and compelled to speak with evasion. "I know the man of old, and his language is sometimes coarse, not fitted for a young lady's ears: so I sent you in. Florence," he whispered, his tone changing to one of the deepest tenderness, "I shall win you if I can. I have your leave?"

She made no answer: only ran down the stairs. Austin laughed as he followed her. Mrs. Quale was coming in then, and met them at the door. She looked astonished.

"See what it is to go gadding out?" cried Austin to her. "When young ladies pay you the honor of a morning visit, they might find an empty house, but for my stay-at-home propensities."

Mrs. Quale turned her eyes from one to the other of them, in doubt how much was joke.

"The truth is," said Austin, vouchsafing an explanation, "there was a rude man in the road, talking nonsense, so I sent Miss Hunter in doors, and stopped to deal with him."

"I'm sure I am sorry, Miss Florence!" cried unsuspicious Mrs. Quale. "But, bless you! we often have rude men in this quarter: they get hold of a drop too much, and when the wine's in the wit's out, you know, miss."

Austin piloted her home, through Daffodil's Delight, walking by her side: possibly lest any more "rude men" should molest her.

In the dusk of that evening he was sitting alone with Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter had not returned; for, that he he had gone out of town for the day, was perfect truth. Florence had escaped as Austin came in.

"It has been my hope for years," he was earnestly saying, as he held Mrs. Hunter's hands, in giving the explanation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter, do you think he will give her to me?"

"But, Austin—"

"Not yet; I do not ask for her yet; not until I have made a fitting home for her," he impulsively continued, anticipating what may have been the possible objection of Mrs. Hunter. "With the two thousand pounds left to me by Mrs. Thornimett, and a little more added to it, which I have myself saved, I believe I shall be able to make my way."

"Austin, you will make your way," she replied, in a tone of the utmost confidence and kindness. "I have heard Mr. Hunter himself anticipate a successful career for you. Even when you were, comparatively speaking, penniless, Mr. Hunter would say that talent and energy, such as yours, could not fail to find its proper outlet. Now that you have inherited the money, your success is certain. But—I fear that you cannot win Florence."

The words fell on his heart like an icebolt. He had reckoned upon Mrs. Hunter's countenance, though he had not been sure of her husband's. "What do you object to in me?" he inquired in a tone of pain.

"Austin, *I* do not object. I have long seen that your coming here so much—and it was Mr. Hunter's pleasure to have you—was likely to lead to an attachment between you and Florence. Had I objected to you, I should have pointed out to Mr. Hunter the impolicy of your coming. I like *you*: there is no one in the world to whom I would so readily intrust the happiness of Florence. Other mothers might look to a higher alliance for her: but, Austin, when we get near the grave we judge with a judgment not of this world.—Worldly distinctions lose their charm."

"Then where is the doubt?" he asked.

"I once—it is not long ago—hinted at this to Mr. Hunter," she replied. "He would not hear me out; he would not suffer me to conclude. It was an utter impossibility that you could ever marry Florence," he said: "neither was it likely that either of you would wish it."

"But we do wish it; the love has already arisen," he exclaimed, in agitation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter—"

"Hush, Austin! calm yourself. Mr. Hunter must have some private objection: and I never inquire into his motives. You must try and forget her."

A commotion in the hall. Austin went out to ascertain its cause. There stood Gwinn, of Ketterford, insisting upon seeing Mr. Hunter. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"One of the so-called Christians"—as he signs himself—informs us, not in the most courteous and Christian manner, that a recent paragraph copied into the POST relative to the rise of a "new sect, called the Winebrenarians," is an error—and that the sect alluded to, are the well-known people calling themselves "Disciples of Christ," or "Christians," founded, we believe, by Thomas Campbell. By the way, why is it that all sectarian writers are so apt to be deficient in courtesy? We think at least one sermon a year ought to be preached in every pulpit of the land, on the scriptural text, "Be courteous."

A "Subscriber" in Melrose, Minnesota, says he "wishes to take a couple of orphan children, and get some music books, such as negro melodies, glee books, &c.," and wants to be informed through the POST where to get them. He can probably obtain the orphans, if he has good recommendations, in any of the orphan asylums of the large cities of the west, and the glees and melodies of any music-seller.

Another correspondent wishes us to procure him a situation on a city railroad. As if we had any time for such a difficult undertaking.

We continue to receive large quantities of poetry—of which we publish what we think the best. Probably we sometimes make mistakes in deciding as to the relative quality of the poems received, but then having no better judgment to rely upon, we are forced to rely upon our own.

One general word in conclusion to correspondents. Please do not bother us with "first attempts" in composition—which always should either be preserved as relics, or torn up, which is better; or with badly written and illegible manuscript—for we have very little patience, and the fire is handy; or with needless demands upon our time, of any kind, for we have already more work than we are able to get through with. Instead of doing the above objectionable things, which are "all vanity and vexation of spirit," expend your surplus energies in procuring us new subscribers, and your letters shall be to us like manna, yea, better than "the fleshpots of Egypt."

THE WAR.

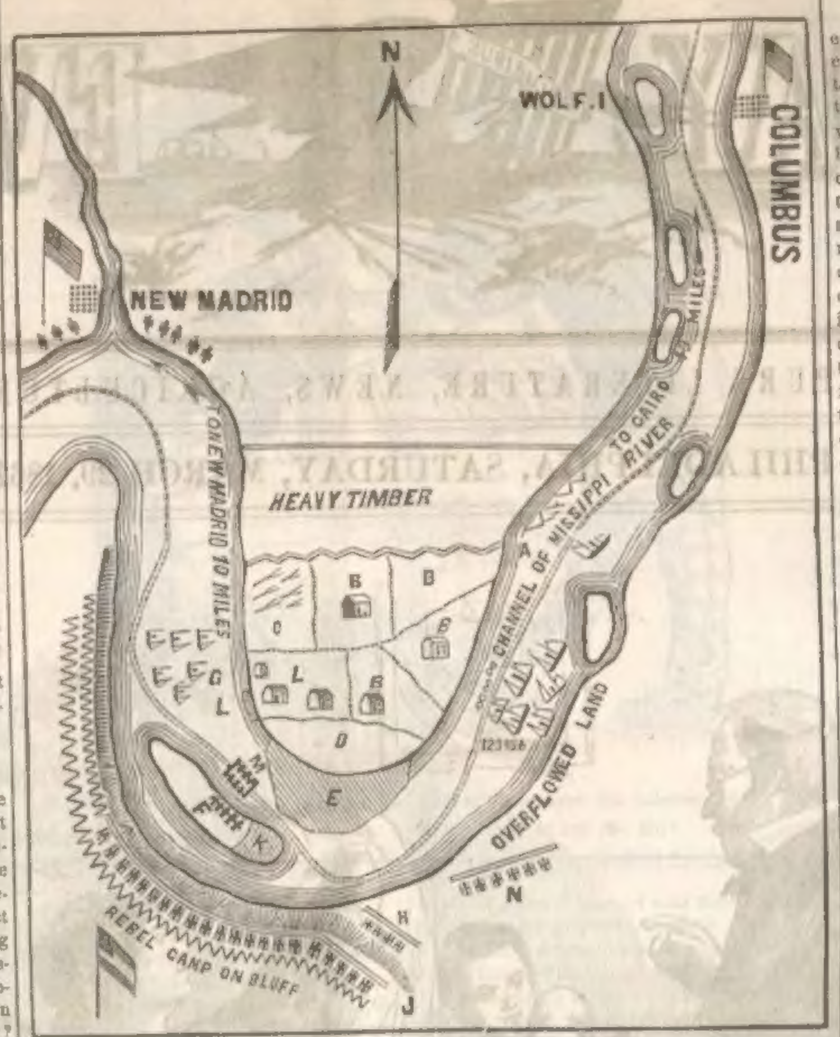
The war news is still favorable to the cause of the Union. Island number Ten appears to be a pretty hard nut to crack, but the indications are favorable to success in that quarter. The island once taken, and Fort Pillow, near Randolph, becomes, we suppose, the next object of interest. If it falls also, then Memphis is opened to our victorious arms.

The news from the army of the Potomac is in the shape of rumors, which are not allowed to be published. Now that General McClellan is in the field, it must be the wish of all that he should have a fair chance to show what metal is in him. We trust he may prove to be all that his warmest friends believe him, and that his victorious hand may before many weeks raise the banner of the Union on the high places of Norfolk and Richmond.

We of the East are growing restive over the proud records of Western valor. And though the East has shown of what stuff its sons are made at Roanoke and Newbern, it is the universal hope that under McClellan we may do some deed that shall even eclipse the glorious victories of Sugar Creek and Fort Donelson.

We call the attention of our readers to a letter found within the rebel lines after the desperate battle of Sugar Creek, as showing what intelligent rebel officers are already beginning to confess—that they have under-estimated the character, tenacity, and prowess of the Northern people; and that, if they had properly understood them, there would have been no rebellion.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FOURTH.—The members of this regiment, who received great blame for refusing to remain in service after the expiration of their three months' term of enlistment—which term expired on the day previous to the battle of Manassas—re-enlisted to a very great extent, and are now termed the Fifty-First. In the recent battle at Newbern, they fairly cleared their name from all reproach by their gallant assault upon the enemy's works. They claim to have been the first to plant the stars and stripes upon the rebel fortifications. The people of Norristown, in the neighborhood of which place the regiment was mainly raised, rejoiced greatly when they heard how gallantly the Fifty-First had conducted itself.



ISLAND NO. 10.

EXPLANATIONS.

The country back of the bluffs, where the rebel camp is situated, for miles is high and rolling, making some of the finest farms in Western Kentucky.

A A—Federal transports.
B B B B—Farms.
C—Fallen timber.
D—Low land, covered with small cotton-wood trees and now overflowed.
E—No. 10 bar—very dangerous.
F—No. 10 Island.
G—Rebel gun-boats.
H—Water battery—eight guns.
J—Bluff batteries.
K—Tow Head, at the head of the island.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7—Federal gun-boats.
8 8 8—Federal mortar-rafts.
L L—Tipton landing.
M—Rebel floating battery.
N—Rebel battery—six guns.

This island is perhaps capable of a more stubborn resistance than Columbus. Battery supports battery, commanding the upper river approach, the bend of the river and the approach from New Madrid. More than eighty guns, it is said, bear upon every direction in which forces can advance by the river. The Union gun-boats and mortar-flats have kept up an unremitting and well-directed fire, night and day, upon the rebel works. They have been stationed a little over two miles above the island batteries, though not more than a mile distant from the upper battery of six guns on the Tennessee shore of the river. Immediately opposite Island No. 10, and obeying the curve of the stream, are batteries of not less than twenty-four guns bearing up and directly across the channel.

Commodore Foote said, in his dispatch to Washington on Wednesday night, that "he was gradually approaching it, but still did not hope for much until *the occurrence of certain events* which promise success." By this it is supposed that he expects re-inforcements from General Grant. If Grant sends a large force from Forts Henry and Donelson (which are about 70 and 75 miles distant), advancing upon the rear of the rebel batteries on the Tennessee River, it will be difficult for the rebels to make a successful resistance. At the same time, New Madrid below, and our fleet and Columbus above, will effectually cut off their retreat.

REPUDIATION.

We think the *New York Herald* is not pursuing a very wise course when it publishes such editorial paragraphs as the following:

Suppose that when the rebellion is crushed, Mexico should make an appeal to us for assistance to drive the invaders from her soil. Are we, smarting under the sense of the ungenerous advantage taken of our present position by these Governments, to turn a deaf ear to her? Certainly not. Our policy, our traditions, our future, would all impel us to hasten to her aid. That we should be in a position to render it effectual, no one can doubt. We shall have nearly a million of men in arms at the close of the war. Of these, 200,000 would be sufficient to drive the foreigners from Mexico, while with the remainder *we could sweep every trace of English and Spanish domination from the British North American provinces, West Indies and Cuba.* These are not the only considerations that may operate to prevent the three Governments from persevering in the absurd project attributed to them. *There are embarked in American securities about eleven hundred and fifty millions of dollars belonging to their subjects. Of this, the English own* $900,000,000, *the French* $200,000,000, *and the Spaniards* $50,000,000. *All this would be sacrificed in the event of their embarking in a war against us*, which they would be compelled to do were we to aid in disturbing the prince whom they propose to place on the Mexican throne.

Of course if the allied governments were once convinced that we were merely waiting the expiration of the present war to commence hostilities against them, they might think it the best policy to anticipate our action a little by giving aid to the rebels. Therefore, even if we intended to bite at the proper time, it would not be very wise to bark now. But our true policy in the future is not war—when it can be avoided—but Peace. Peace and Growth. Once united and prosperous again, we shall secure all the respect we desire from Europe without the sad necessity of asserting our rights by arms.

As to the *Herald's* menace that in case of war, America will repudiate her honest debts, we, for one, do not believe so meanly of our country. We believe that foreigners may continue to invest in American "*securities*" with the most perfect confidence in the integrity of our people. The payment of interest might be temporarily suspended during a war, but we believe that on the conclusion of peace every cent would be paid up.

THE ENGLISH EXPERIMENTS.

We suppose the following statement made by the *Scientific American* is correct, but we are much surprised at hearing it:

In all the numerous and costly experiments that have been made in England with armor plates, with Armstrong, Whitworth and other guns, *the most destructive projectile yet tried has been spherical shot fired from a 68-pounder cast-iron gun.* Spherical shot receive a higher initial velocity than elongated projectiles in consequence of the pressure of the gas being exerted against a larger area in proportion to the weight; but this velocity is more rapidly reduced from the greater resistance of the air in proportion to the *vis viva*. Now the 11-inch guns of the Merrimac carry balls weighing 180 pounds—*nearly three times heavier than the most destructive shot ever tried against iron plates in England.*—These shot were fired at exceedingly short range—some of them said to be at only forty feet distance—and thirty-seven struck the turret of the Monitor without inflicting the slightest injury.

This contest was the most severe test to which armor plates have ever been subjected, and it puts the final seal to the fate of all wooden ships of war. Calling upon Capt. Ericsson the day after the fight to congratulate him upon the brilliant success, we found him engaged upon the drawings of a large sea-going steamer, after the plan of his battery, with the proper modifications for that class of vessel.

That the English should never have tried heavier balls than 68-pounders against their iron plates, is somewhat surprising. John Bull is nothing, if not practical.

MRS. WOOD.

We are pleased to see that the critics of the daily press are at last finding out the literary merits of Mrs. Wood—merits which the readers of the POST have acknowledged for years past. Thus, in a criticism of "The Earl's Daughters," published now in book form, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, under the title of "The Earl's Heirs," the North American of this city says:—

It is written with great vigor and power, and fascinates the reader in a very strange degree. * * The clearing up of this mystery, as well as the incidents attending the catastrophe that happens to the unfortunate girl, are worked up with wonderful skill and pathos. The person who plays the most important part in the development of the plot is a servant girl named Judith, who is in our opinion the best delineated character in the story. We will not anticipate our readers' enjoyment by a detail of the plot, but we promise them a very great treat in the perusal of "The Earl's Heirs." * * The money will be well laid out in the purchase of this most admirable novel.

☞ TO TELL A TAILOR.—He'll always call you a goose. A mason will call you a brick. A gamester will call you a trump. A shoemaker (or a liar) will always say, "upon my soul, it's true."

☞ The captain of a vessel just arriving in the harbor of New York, directed one of the crew, an Irishman, to throw the buoy overboard. He was then stepping into the cabin. On his return, the captain inquired if his order had been obeyed. The Irishman, with great simplicity, replied: "I could not catch the boy, but I threw overboard the old cook."

THE BATTLES OF 1812.

The Albany Journal, in contrasting the events of the present war with that of 1812, exhibits the magnitude of the present contest. The war of the Revolution was relatively a mere succession of skirmishes. The war of 1812, measured both as regards numbers and the field of operations, shrinks into contemptible insignificance beside the gigantic operations, that are going on at the present hour. If we look back at the history, more especially of the last war with England, and compare its leading incidents with those of the conflict now raging, we shall find that it hardly rises to the dignity of a modern reconnoissance. The "battles" dwindle down into the veriest martial *emeutes*; the casualties are few, and the number of prisoners taken in victorious engagements counted rather by hundreds than thousands. We cite a few incidents from the war of 1812 to show what petty affairs, relatively, were some of the most brilliant victories achieved by our arms.—The first battle of any importance was that of Brownston, near Detroit, fought August 9, 1812. Our force was only 600, that of the British and Indians combined 750. Our loss was 18 killed and 63 wounded: that of the enemy 160. General Hull's "army," which disgracefully surrendered at Detroit six days later, only numbered 2,500 men; while that of the enemy consisted of only 700 English and 600 Indians. No wonder Gen. Brock, who commanded the latter, wrote to Sir Gen. Provost:—"When I detail my good fortune, your Excellency will be surprised." At the battle of Queenstown, two columns of 300 men each did about all the fighting on our side. General Van Rensselaer, in his report, says:—"One-third of the men idle might have saved all." As it was, some looked on, while "many fled into the woods," leaving their brethren to their fate. At the siege of Fort Erie, the English threw 2,000 red-hot shot without hurting a man. Our loss was only 4 killed and 7 wounded. Brigadier-General Smith abandoned his favorite project of invading Canada West because, although he had been preparing the greater part of the summer, and had energetically drummed up volunteers, he had succeeded in collecting only 1,500 men; and he did not think the expedition would be successful unless he had 1,500 more. At the battle of York our force was 1,700; that of the enemy 700 English and 100 Indians. Our loss was 300 killed and wounded; that of the enemy, 160 killed, 300 wounded, and 200 prisoners. This was one of the most brilliant of our victories, yet it is not to be compared to the battle of Belmont, or that of Ball's Bluff, either as regards the numbers engaged or the losses sustained. At the battle of Sackett's Harbor, the enemy's force was 700; ours 500. His loss in killed and wounded was 150; ours, 154. Among the trophies taken by our troops were the British standard and mace. Over the latter hung a human scalp! Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie was esteemed a "big thing" in its day: yet his whole fleet consisted of only 54 guns and 2 swivels; that of the enemy 63 guns and 2 swivels! Our loss in killed and wounded was 123; that of the enemy has never been definitely known. At the battle of Chippewa our loss was 338; that of the enemy 514. At the battle of Fort Erie our loss was 84; that of the enemy 762. At the battle of Baltimore the enemy's force numbered from 7,000 to 8,000; ours was probably less than half that number. Our loss was 170; that of the enemy some 700 killed, wounded and missing. Even the battle of New Orleans looks insignificant to eyes that have witnessed a reconnoissance on the Potomac 16,000 strong, and a review of 70,000. The British force, including sailors and marines, was about 14,000; that of General Jackson 8,200 on the left bank of the river, and about 800 distributed in positions hard by. Our loss was 7 killed and 6 wounded; that of the enemy 700 killed and 1,400 wounded. It is safe to say that notwithstanding the torpor of a large share of our army, and the taunts that we have thus far been "playing at war," a greater number of lives have been lost within the last five months than during the entire "War of 1812."

A NEW TUNE.

Blackwood's Magazine is not noted for any friendly disposition to the United States. Yet in the February number of that periodical, in an article upon the defences of Canada, after expressing the opinion that a war between Great Britain and the United States will occur by 1868, it says:

"Our British North American colonies stand face to face with a power which, in the appliance of modern science, and in the courage and endurance of its people, is a match for the most military of European nations. An American army when it first takes the field may be little better than a rabble: but give it the experience of a year or two, and it becomes able to hold its own against the best troops in the world. So our people found half a century ago, and so, if the storm which we are now contemplating do not burst until 1868, our people may find again."

Recent events have contributed materially to the formation of this opinion. A half year ago we were regarded by the same tory parties as a nation hopelessly divided, as inferior in military qualities, and as in fact a people more worthy of contempt or pity than fear.

LILIAN—BY A. M. W.

The sea looks up on the sky,
The sky looks down on the sea!
So I look up on Lilian,
And Lilian down on me.

My Lilian is of regal birth,
And I of low degree;
I cannot reach my Lilian,—
The sky meets not the sea.

☞ A girl at a party was asked what made her face look so red. She replied, those horrid chaps.

☞ Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

THE IRON SHIP.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

She was not born 'mid rain or dew,
Nor in the sunshine ever grew:
No lordly monarch of the wood
Fell in his glory where he stood
That she might flourish, fair and free,
Might flourish, fair and free.

But down a thousand fathoms, down
Where stretch the roots of mountains brown,
We drew the iron for her frame,
And built her up 'mid smoke and flame,
To sail, the mistress of the sea!
The mistress of the sea!

The hammer fell, the anvil rung,
As she to shape and beauty sprung;
In mimic lightnings she was cursed,
And cradled in their thunder-burst:
And now we launch her, fair and free!
We launch her, fair and free!

To brave alike the tempest stroke,
And fire, that slays the "heart of oak,"
The iron conqueror of the main;
May danger track her path in vain—
The queen and glory of the sea!
The glory of the sea!

TWO REBEL LETTERS.

The following letters were found after the battle of Sugar Creek or Pea Ridge. They were written evidently by officers of intelligence. The two epistles must have been completed before the battle, and not being mailed to the parties addressed, were dropped in the confusion of a precipitate retreat.

The first letter is from a Texan captain to his wife, and reads thus:—

NEW FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., March 5, 1862.

"Thank God, dear Mary, we've got the Yankees in a trap at last. They cannot escape us now. We have more than twice as many men as they, and we have a plan to cut them off, and annihilate them. Before a week has past, you will hear of a terrible defeat of the Lincolnites, such an one as will offset to some extent our mortifying surrender at Donelson. We are certain of success, and I hope I will be able to bring five or six Yankee prisoners to Galveston next summer.

"The Northern men will not fight when they can avoid it; but we intend to make them this time, or cut their throats.

"The coming battle will free Arkansas and Missouri from the invaders, and we will then march on to St. Louis, and take that Abolition city, and give the oppressed southerners there an opportunity to be free once more. We hear that we would be welcomed in St. Louis by at least 50,000 people who have long suffered from the tyranny of the mercenary Dutch." * * * *

The second letter from a Louisiana major to his sister, a resident of New Orleans, and bearing date, "Little Rock, Feb. 27," is quite different in tone, as will be seen from this quotation:—

DEAR SISTER CARRIE:—You asked me in your last letter what I thought of the prospect of our dearly beloved cause. To be candid, I have little hope for its success now, though last December I felt confident we would be recognized before the coming June. I don't like the Yankees a bit; I have been educated to hate them, and I do hate them heartily; but I must acknowledge the South has been sadly mistaken in their character. We have always believed that the Yankees would not fight for anything like a principle; that they had no chivalry, no poetry in their nature. Perhaps they have not; but that they are brave, determined, persevering, they have proved beyond question. * * *

The trouble with them is that they never get tired of anything. They lost all the battles at first, and after Manassas we despised them. This year has inaugurated a new order of affairs. We are beaten at all points. We do nothing but surrender and evacuate; and while I hate the Lincolnites more than ever, I respect them—I can't help it—for their dogged obstinacy, and the slow but steady manner in which they carry out their plans.

I have lost heart in our cause. There is something wrong—somewhere. Jeff. Davis and our political leaders are either knaves or fools. They drew us into our present difficulties, and now have no way of showing us out of them.

If the South had known what would have been the result of Secession, no state, unless South Carolina, would have gone out of the Union. We all thought we could go out in peace; I know I did, and laughed at the idea of the North attempting to keep us in the Union by force of arms. It was not possible, we said. We had too many friends in the free states. Such a step would be followed by a revolution in the North, and the turning of old Lincoln and all the abolitionists out of office.

Oh, well, it can't be helped, Carrie. We are in for it. It is too late to retreat. We must fight the thing out. * * * *

I cannot help believing we will be overpowered. We are growing weaker every day, and the North stronger. I fear to look at our future. We can't be subjugated, we all say. I hope not; but if we do not fly the country, I fear we will experience something like subjugation.

* * * * * * * *

May be I'm gloomy to-day; I reckon I am. Who wouldn't be? I intend to fight as hard as I can, but I can't see my way out. * * Tear up this letter. Don't let mother or father or any of our relatives see it. I have expressed my heart to you because you are my dear sister, and I always tell you what I believe.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Soldier, be strong, who fightest
Under a captain stout;
Dishonor not thy conquering head
By basely giving out.
Endure awhile, bear up,
And hope for better things;
War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon midnight's wings.
—*Wigglesworth.*

☞ The Italian freemasons have just introduced an important innovation into the statutes of the society. There are now sister masons, venerables, and great mistresses.

☞ "Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, from behind the steam that arose from her tea, as a veil to her blushes, when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impurity, in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but for my part, I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN, N. C.

BRAVE CONDUCT OF THE TROOPS—64 GUNS CAPTURED—557 KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Official Dispatch of Gen. Burnside.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, NEWBERN, March 16, 1862.

GEN. L. THOMAS, *Adj.-General U. S. Army.*

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report that after embarking the troops with which I intended to attack Newbern, in conjunction with the naval force, on the morning of the 11th, a rendezvous was made at Hatteras Inlet.

Flag Officer Goldsborough having been ordered to Hampton Roads, the naval fleet was left in command of Commodore Rowan.

Early on the morning of the 12th the entire force started for Newbern, and that night anchored off the mouth of Slocum's Creek, some 18 miles from Newbern, where I had decided to make a landing.

The landing commenced at 7 o'clock the next morning, under cover of the naval fleet, and was effected with the greatest enthusiasm by the troops. Many, too impatient for the boats, leaped into the water, and waded waist deep to the shore, and then, after a toilsome march through the mud, the head of the column marched within a mile and a half of the enemy's stronghold at 8 P. M., a distance of twelve miles from the point of landing, where we bivouacked for the night, the rear of the column coming up with the boat howitzers about 3 o'clock next morning, the detention being caused by the shocking condition of the roads, consequent upon the heavy rain that had fallen during that day and the whole of the night, the men often wading knee deep in mud, and requiring a whole regiment to drag the eight pieces which had been landed from the navy and our own vessels.

By signals agreed upon, the naval vessels, with the armed vessels of my force, were informed of our progress, and were thereby enabled to assist us much in our march by shelling the road in advance.

At daylight on the morning of the 14th I ordered an advance of the entire division, which will be understood by the inclosed pencil sketch.

Gen. Foster's brigade was ordered up the main county road to attack the enemy's left. Gen. Reno up the railroad to attack their right, and Gen. Parke to follow Gen. Foster, and attack the enemy in front, with instructions to support either or both brigades.

I must defer, for want of time, a detailed account of the action. It is enough to say that, after an engagement of four hours, we succeeded in carrying a continuous line of field work of over a mile in length, protected on the river flank by a battery of thirteen heavy guns, and on the opposite flank by a line of redoubts of over a half mile in length for riflemen and field pieces, in the midst of swamps and dense forests, which line of work was defended by eight regiments of infantry, five hundred cavalry, and three batteries of field artillery, of six guns each.

The position was finally carried by a most gallant charge of our men, which enabled us to gain the rear of all the batteries between this point and Newbern, which was done by a rapid advance of the entire force up the main road and railroad, the naval fleet meantime pushing its way up the river, throwing their shot into the forts and in front of us.

The enemy, after retreating in great confusion (throwing away blankets, knapsacks, arms, &c.) across the railroad bridge and county road bridge, burned the former, and destroyed the draw of the latter, thus preventing further pursuit, and causing detention in occupying the town by our military force, but the naval force had arrived at the wharves and commanded it by their guns.

I at once advanced General Foster's brigade to take possession of the town by means of the naval vessels which Commodore Rowan had kindly volunteered for the purpose.

The city was set on fire by the retreating rebels in many places, but, owing to the exertions of the naval officers, the remaining citizens were induced to aid in extinguishing the flames, so that but little harm has been done.

Many of the citizens are now returning, and we are now in quiet possession of the city. We have captured the printing press, and shall at once issue a daily sheet.

By this victory our combined force have captured eight batteries, containing 46 heavy guns; 3 batteries of light artillery of six guns each—making in all 64 guns; two steamboats, and a number of sailing vessels, wagons, horses, a large quantity of ammunition, Commissary and Quartermaster's stores, forage, and the entire camp equipage of the rebel troops, a large quantity of rosin, turpentine, cotton, &c., and over two hundred prisoners.

Our loss thus far as ascertained will amount to 91 killed and 466 wounded, many of them mortally. Among these are some of our most gallant officers and men. The rebel loss is severe, but not so great as our own, being effectually covered by their works.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers and men for their untiring exertion and unceasing patience in accomplishing this work. The effecting of the landing and the approach to within a mile and a half of the enemy's works on the 13th, I consider as great a victory as the engagement of the 14th. Owing to the difficult nature of the landing, our men were forced to wade ashore waist deep, march through mud to a point twelve miles distant, bivouac in low, marshy ground, in a rain-storm, for the night, engage the enemy at daylight in the morning, fighting them for four hours amid a dense fog that prevented them from seeing the position of the enemy, and finally advancing rapidly over bad roads upon the city. In the midst of all this not a complaint was heard; the men were only eager to accomplish their work. Every brigade, and in fact every regiment, and I can almost say every officer and man of the force landed, was in the engagement.

The men are all in good spirits, and under the circumstances are in good health. I beg to say to the General Commanding that I have under my command a division that can be relied upon in any emergency.

A more detailed report will be forwarded as soon as I receive the brigade returns. The Brigadier-Generals, having been in the midst of their regiments while under fire, will be able to give me minute accounts.

I beg to say to the General Commanding the army that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations. I only hope that we may in future be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign; the only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the elements.

I desire again to bear testimony to the gallantry of our naval fleet, and to express my thanks to Commander Rowan and the officers under him for their hearty and cheerful co-operation in this movement—their assistance was timely, and of great service in the accomplishment of our undertaking.

I omitted to mention that there was a large arrival of re-enforcement of the enemy in Newbern during the engagement, which retreated with the remainder of the army by the cars and the country roads.

I have the honor, General, to be your obedient servant, A. E. BURNSIDE,
Brig.-Gen. Com'ding Department N. C.

The regiments at Newbern were mostly from Massachusetts and other New England States and from New York.

The 51st Pennsylvania regiment, Colonel J. F. Hartranft, composed mainly of the old 4th regiment (which left before the Battle of Bull Run), was also in the battle, and charged and took with the bayonet the enemy's batteries on the left. In consequence of the censure passed upon them for not being in the Battle of Bull Run, they re enlisted, and at Newbern showed the sort of stuff they were made of. Sergeant Major C. Jones Iredell, of the 51st, writes that the regiment, after taking the enemy's batteries on the left at the point of the bayonet, was the first to plant its colors, along with the flag presented by the ladies of Norristown to the old 4th regiment, on the captured works.

The stores, &c., captured at Newbern are estimated at $2,000,000.

An account in the Tribune says:—"The 51st Pennsylvania, for a long time held in reserve, was ordered up to participate in the decisive charge of the whole brigade upon the line of redans, and passing through the 51st New York, as it was lying on the ground after having exhausted all its ammunition, came under the heaviest fire, and without flinching or wavering moved to its place, and rushed, with the other regiments, upon the defences of the enemy. The movement of Col. Hartranft's regiment was executed in the most deliberate manner, and proved a complete success.

"While all the regiments engaged in the battle are deserving of high praise for their steadiness under fire, the spirit with which they surmounted the most formidable obstacles, and the fidelity with which they obeyed the commands of their generals, certain regiments, by the peculiarity of their distribution, perhaps, were made more prominent for their gallantry. These were the 24th Massachusetts, 4th Rhode Island, 10th Connecticut, 21st Massachusetts, and 51st New York.—When the charge of the 4th Rhode Island had been made, and the colors were carried along the whole length of the main battery, Gen. Burnside asked some one what regiment that was. On being told the 4th Rhode Island, he said, 'I knew it. It was no more than I expected. Thank God, the day is ours!'

"Capt. J. D. Frazer was wounded in the right arm, and dropped his sword, but taking it in his left hand, he attempted to escape with his company, fell into the ditch, and was taken prisoner, and dragged inside again over the parapet. A guard of three men was placed over him, his sword was taken, but his revolver being overlooked, he seized the opportunity offered by a charge of the 4th Rhode Island, and by the judicious display of his pistol, captured all three of his guard."

The Ninth New Jersey also were in the fight, and maintained the well-known reputation of the "Jersey Blues."

Capture of Towns and a Fort in Florida.

The She-coah.

Com. Dupont's fleet has captured St. Augustine and Jacksonville, Florida, with the old United States fort Marion, at the former. This is the second of the old government forts taken by Dupont, the first having been Fort Clinch. There was no fight at Jacksonville or St. Augustine, the rebel garrisons of both having fled before the arrival of the gunboats, and the authorities receiving the United States commanders, and hoisting the old flag themselves.

Commander Rogers reports to Com. Dupot as follows:—

"About 1,500 persons remain in St. Augustine—about one-fifth of the inhabitants having fled. I believe that there are many citizens who are earnestly attached to the Union, a large number who are silently opposed to it, and a still larger number who care very little about the matter. I think that nearly all of the men acquiesce in the condition of affairs we are now establishing.

"There is much violent and pestilent feeling among the women. They seem to mistake treason for courage, and have a theatrical desire to figure as heroines. Their minds have doubtless been filled with the falsehoods so industriously circulated in regard to the lust and hatred of our troops. On the night before our arrival, a party of women assembled in front of the barracks, and cut down the flagstaff, in order that it might not be used to support the 'old flag.' The men seemed anxious to conciliate us in every way.

"There is a great scarcity of provisions in the place, and there seems to be no money, except the wretched paper currency of the rebellion, and much poverty exists.

"In the water batteries at the Fort are three fine army 32-pounders, of 7,000 pounds weight, and two 8-inch sea coast howitzers, of 5,600 pounds, with shot and some powder. There are a number of very old guns in the fort, useless, and not mounted. Several good guns were taken away some months ago to arm the batteries at other harbors.

"The garrison of the place went from St. Augustine at midnight on the 10th for Smyrna, where there is said to be about 800 troops, a battery, the steamer Carolina, and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition.

"It is very positively stated that the Governor has ordered the abandonment of East Florida, and proposes to make a stand near Apalachicola.

"Mr. Dennis, of the Coast Survey, who accompanied me, rendered me much valuable aid."

A NOVEL DEFENCE.—The following defence of a horse thief was actually made before a jury in San Jose, by an attorney, formerly a resident of this place:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I will not insult your intelligence by assuming that the prisoner at the bar is not guilty of the crime charged upon him, for the evidence is too conclusive on that point; but I will say a few words more in behalf of the county of Santa Clara than of the prisoner. The law under which the prisoner was indicted provides a penalty of imprisonment from one to ten years for the crime of grand larceny, and it remains for you to say what the term shall be in the present case. Now, it will cost one dollar per diem for the food and clothing of this man, and if you assess his sentence at one year, the expense will be three hundred and sixty-five dollars; but if you put it at ten years, it will amount to the enormous sum of three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, which you, gentlemen of the jury, and the other inhabitants of Santa Clara county, will have to pay. Another view of the case which I wish to bring to your mind is this: If you sentence him to one year's imprisonment, at the expiration of that time he will be released, and in all probability soon be caught stealing again, and then, under our new law, you can hang him, and thus get rid of him effectually. That he is a great scoundrel I have no doubt, but I think it would be best, under the circumstances, to give him as short a sentence as the law allows.'—*San Jose Mercury.*

ST. MARY'S and Jacksonville, Fla., has been occupied by the U. S. forces.

BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NO. 10.

EIGHTY REBEL GUNS IN BATTERY—FIVE REBEL GUNBOATS AND A BATTERING RAM.

A special dispatch, dated the 20th, to the St. Louis Republican, from the vicinity of Island No. 10, says:—

"The cannonading by the gun and mortar boats was continued all day on Wednesday. All the guns but one in the upper battery on the Tennessee shore have been silenced, and one gun on the Island dismounted.

"The shells from the mortars constantly fall in the rebel camp and batteries, and numbers of the killed and wounded can be seen being carried away on litters.

"A large number of loaded wagons are leaving the Tennessee shore, from which it is believed that preparations are being made for the evacuation of the works by the enemy.

"The floating battery of the rebels has been moored nearer to the head of the Island.

"Gen. Pope allowed a rebel gunboat to approach within fifty yards of a masked battery on Tuesday, and then sunk her, killing fifteen of those on board. He had previously allowed five rebel steamers to pass on towards New Madrid, and they are now between his batteries, unable to escape.

"Over a dozen vessels, together with the floating battery and battering ram, are now above Gen. Pope's batteries, and will be either sunk or captured."

CHICAGO, March 21.—A special despatch from Cairo, to the Journal, says that a moderate fire was kept up by the fleet at Island No. 10 during Tuesday, Wednesday, and yesterday. The gunboat Minnesota dismounted a 128-pound gun placed on the enemy's upper battery.

On Tuesday, Com. Foote directed the fuses to be wet, with a view to destroy the works and dismount the guns; the result was satisfactory.

As yet, but one man has been killed by the enemy.

Some of the rebel gunboats tried to force their way up yesterday morning, but had to retire.

Gen. Pope has twenty-two guns mounted at Mount Pleasant, and has erected a new battery four miles below.

Another correspondent, at Cairo, telegraphs that he left Island No. 10 on the 20th. The firing was only moderate from the Benton and Mound City, at intervals of fifteen minutes each; the object being to reduce the upper batteries. Five guns had been dismounted, and there were two from which occasional shots were fired, coming very near our gunboats.

The works on both the main land and island are far more extensive than was generally supposed. There is at least eighty guns, many of them of the largest size, and several rifled.

He saw at one time ten regiments in a dress parade on the main land. Their quarters are out of the reach of the mortars. The island is pretty well covered with tents, but our shell reach all parts of the island and the works on the island. It is evident that all the rebel batteries have bomb proof casemates, as the men can be seen to disappear when the shells fall into the batteries. As soon as the upper fort is reduced the gunboats will advance on the others in detail. On Tuesday night the Mound City kept up a steady fire on the upper fort, preventing the rebels from making their usual nightly repairs. The result was that early in the morning they commenced removing their dead and wounded from the casemates of the fort. Large numbers were carried out and taken back into the works.

On Monday 900 shots were fired from the gunboats, mostly shell, besides 300 shell from the mortars.

On the 19th, the enemy's flotilla, which is hemmed in between Com. Foote's gunboats, above island No. 10, and Gen. Pope's batteries at New Madrid, made another attempt to escape down the river. Their gunboats engaged Gen. Pope's batteries, on the 18th, for an hour and a half, but were driven back with severe loss. One gunboat was sunk and several badly damaged. They are completely hemmed in, and can escape only by fighting their way out.

CONFIRMATIONS BY THE SENATE.—The Senate was in executive session for several hours this afternoon, and confirmed the following nominations as Major-Generals of the volunteer forces, viz.:

Brigadier-Generals Don Carlos Buell, John Pope, Samuel R. Curtis, Franz Sigel, John A. McClernand, Charles F. Smith, and Lewis Wallace.

To be Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers the following:—John Cooke, Richard J. Oglesby, John McArthur, Jacob G. Lauman, John A. Logan, Robert L. McCook, Speed S. Fry. All of these gentlemen were Colonels.

The Senate also confirmed as Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers the following named: Major John G. Barnard, of the Corps of Engineers; Capt. Henry M. Judah, of the 4th Infantry; Capt. James B. Ricketts, of the 1st Artillery, (for meritorious conduct at the battle of Bull Run); Jas. Craig, of Missouri; and Horatio P. Vanclive, and Alex. Asboth.

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.—The rebel reports of the great battle of Sugar Creek or Pea Ridge, Arkansas, claim it as a victory for them. At the same time they admit that Generals McCulloch and McIntosh were both killed, that their loss in officers was very great, and that their killed and wounded amounted to about two thousand. They pretend to think that the Federal loss was much heavier. But we have Gen. Curtis's official statement that it amounted to two hundred and twelve killed, nine hundred and twenty-six wounded, and one hundred and seventy-four missing. We also know that he completely routed and dispersed the rebel army, capturing artillery and other valuable military property, and taking about sixteen hundred prisoners. All things considered, the battle of Pea Ridge was one of the hardest-fought and most brilliant of the war.

AT the city election, in Harrisburg, on the 21st, the Democrats carried five wards out of six. Four out of five Democratic councilmen were elected. John T. Wilson, Democratic candidate for City Treasurer, has a majority of 245.

☞ QUICK WIT.—When Washington Allston was in England, at a public dinner given him, Campbell was present, and playfully drank to the "painters—and glaziers of America." Allston returned the compliment by proposing the "paper-stainers of England."

☞ Don't let us talk too long and loud about our heroes of to-day. We landed Wilkes too much, and now nobody says a word about him. Let us be moderate hereafter.

☞ The thin-ribbed and starving rebel soldiers call our sleek and well-provisioned soldiers the Feds. We suppose then that ours is the *fed* army and theirs the *un fed* army.

☞ Persons disregarding God's Holy Writ, are often forced to heed the writ of the sheriff.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

SMITH AT SAVANNAH—AFFAIRS AT MEMPHIS, &c., &c.

A special dispatch from Cairo, dated the 21st, says:—

"Direct and positive information has been received from Gen. Grant (Smith?). He is at Savannah, six miles from Florence. The troops are in fine health and spirits.

"Gen. Beauregard is in command at Corinth, Miss., with fifteen thousand men from Pensacola.

"Generals Cheatham and Bragg have divisions near by.

"About 6,000 (?) men in the vicinity of Savannah have enlisted in the Union army recently. On the night of the 15th, a division of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry put a part of Cheatham's forces to flight, and burned the railroad bridge. The forces in that vicinity are divided into five divisions, under the command of Generals Sherman, Hurlburt, McClernand, Wallace and Lauman."

Gov. Harris disappeared from Memphis on the second day after the adjournment of the Legislature and has not been heard from since. He is supposed to be at Corinth, Mississippi. The Legislature had adjourned and gone no one knows whither.

The subject of burning the city in case an evacuation is necessary is still openly discussed.

There had been no impressment of Union men into the rebel service to any extent, except for guard duty, until since the fall of Donelson. Since Gov. Harris's proclamation the impressment has become general. Hundreds have been picked up in the streets, and taken from their stores and dwellings, and marched off to the camp of instruction at the point of the bayonet.

A floating battery, so constructed as to be sunk to the water's edge, leaving nothing exposed except the armament, which consists of nine Dahlgren guns, built for the protection of Memphis, has been towed to Island No. 10, and Hollins's steam fleet has also been sent there.

The Union men are leaving Memphis in great numbers, abandoning their property to be confiscated, and only glad to escape with their lives.

Quarrels in the streets are of frequent occurrence between Union men and the secessionists, and shots were hourly exchanged.

The rebels greatly need iron. They have ammunition in plenty, and the manufactories are kept in operation day and night, in the vicinity of Memphis.

There are no mail facilities, except along the railroad routes. Letters and papers are carried from town to town by private enterprise.

Mr. Beadle, one of the oldest citizens of Memphis, reports that but three rebel regiments are now between New Madrid and Memphis, and they are stationed at Fort Pillow.

The rebel government are manufactoring pikes at Memphis for the new recruits; but less than 100 men have responded to the last call of the Governor.

The railroads terminating at Memphis are being connected, so that all the rolling stock can be sent down the New Orleans road when necessary.

NEWS ITEMS.

IN the Eastern Shore District of Virginia, the special election has resulted in the choice of Segar to Congress over Watson.

THE Memphis papers are said to confirm the death of McCulloch.

GOV. CURTIS has ordered Roanoke Island and Newbern to be emblazoned on the banners of the Pennsylvania 51st, and issued a general order in honor of their gallantry. The Governor has also appointed Clement C. Barclay to visit our Pennsylvania volunteers in the army of the Potomac, and look after the sick and wounded.

A LETTER has been received from a lady of high social position in Nashville, which states that she renounces secession ideas and sympathies. One reason for this was the state of demoralization that existed in that city during its occupation by the rebel soldiery. The conduct and demeanor of the Federal troops elicited high encomiums.

A NEW Military Department, to be called the *Department of the Gulf*, is constituted.—It will comprise all the coast of the Gulf of Mexico west of Pensacola harbor, and so much of the Gulf States as may be occupied by the forces under Major General B. F. Butler, U. S. Volunteers. The headquarters for the present will be movable—wherever the General commanding may be.

GEN. HALLECK has issued an order directing the arrest of any officers who wear gray or mixed uniforms or overcoats in the field.

BOUND TO OBEY.—An Ohio Dutchman, in view of the new and stringent law against profanity, has very cautiously addressed a letter to his brother at "Amsterd—m."

MORE SNOW AT THE NORTH.—At Burlington, Vermont, on Saturday and Sunday, 20 inches of snow fell. The supply is now so large in that region, that a sudden thaw would result in serious freshets.

"FEELERS" have been put forth in Peru, in view of a proposition to re-annex the Republic to Spain. The latter country is getting to be dangerous to republics. Like the lion, who, having once tasted human blood, becomes the confirmed and dreaded man-eater, Spain has gobbled up San Domingo, and now hankers after more of the same sort of game.

MARRIAGE OF SECOND COUSINS.—A bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature to prevent the marriage of second cousins, by punishing the magistrate or clergyman who solemnizes such marriages, by the imposition of a fine of $100. The bill, after earnest debate, was laid on the table.

FEMALE PRACTICE.—Doctress Goodwin, of Worcester, has, within the last twelve years, attended the births of *two thousand and eighty-four children—two hundred and forty-six* during the year 1861.

INFORMATION has been received that large quantities of cotton are taken through Texas into Mexico, and shipped from there directly to Europe or to Matamoras and Havana.

GEN. FREMONT has received his final instructions from the Secretary of War, and leaves soon for his new department. He will be accompanied by Major Zagoni, the hero of Springfield, and other fearless, enthusiastic and daring men. It is said that the bounds of his military department have been enlarged, so as to include Ohio and other points.

LETTERS intended for the Pennsylvania Reserves, for the present, should be addressed, as heretofore, to the Washington Post Office.

THE rejection of General Blenker, the present commander of the German Division, will probably induce Government to detail General Sigel in his place, although the friends of Colonel D'Utassy are using every exertion to secure his promotion. The Colonel is now in Washington, on parole, charges having been preferred against him by Gen. Blenker. Sigel has been confirmed as Major General of Volunteers.

THE British troops in Mexico, with the exception of 160, had all embarked and were ready to start for home.

PORT ROYAL.—The steamer Star of the South has arrived from Port Royal, with dates to the 18th. All was quiet there, and good health prevailed among the troops.

☞ COMIC PREACHING—ROWLAND HILL.—On one occasion, when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of seafaring men and fisherwomen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words:—"I come to preach to great sinners—yes, to *wapping* sinners." On another occasion there came a heavy shower of rain, which compelled several persons to take refuge in the chapel. Hill, remarking this, looked up, and said, "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

☞ CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—In the firmament of rebellion nothing is seen but Southern crosses. N. B. The soldiers are looking in vain for Bootes.

☞ It is said that a Union soldier in Fort Donelson had his life saved by a silver half-dollar in his pocket, the coin stopping a rifle-ball. It is probable that several other Union men were protected by their silver and gold. In that respect they had a great advantage over the rebels. Shinplasters don't stop bullets.

☞ They tell us that Gen. Sigel was not educated at West Point, but he fights like a man educated at all points.

☞ In private watch your *thoughts*. In the family watch your *temper*. In company watch your *tongue*.

☞ Quilp had been listening to a very able argument by a barrister who is famous in his county for his immense stature—being in fact, as tall as "honest Abe," and quite as handsome. So Quilp wrote the following impromptu:—

Long Carolus rattles his arguments down
Like a shower of shells on a fortified town;
And no wonder they fall with fearful momentum,
When you think of the distance the fellow has sent 'em!

☞ The following very good rules have been adopted in a schoolroom in Maine: No chewing tobacco in school hours; no kissing or squeezing the girls in the entry; no snapping apple seeds at the master; no cutting benches with jack-knives; no novels allowed to be brought to school.

☞ The Louisville Journal says cotton has made a bad king, but will prove a most excellent subject.

☞ The average cash value of male slaves at present in South Carolina, as shown by the auction sales, is $315, female $400.

☞ The Paris women are excited about an electric head-dress invented for the Empress Eugenie. It is a crown formed of globules of glass lighted by electric light, and set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. It emits such an effulgence as to light up of itself a dark room, and if ever put into general use will supersede the necessity of gas jets or wax candles. Every lady will be her own chandelier.

☞ "I say, Bill, what have you done with that horse of yourn?" "Sold him." "What did you sell him for?" "Why, he moved so slow at last, that I got prosecuted half-a-dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street."

☞ Miss Evans, a handsome young English lady, only sixteen years old, is lecturing in Dublin, to crowded audiences, in favor of total abstinence.

☞ "Bob, you say that you believe diseases to be contagious. How long have you entertained such notions?" "Ever since I sat alongside a blue-eyed girl, and caught the palpitation of the heart."

☞ The suspension bridges are destroyed by rebels because the name suggests disagreeable thoughts.

☞ To what does the government owe its success in money hunting? Ardor of the Chase.

☞ Perhaps the rebels were more reconciled to leaving Kentucky and Missouri because these are hemp states.

☞ Shoddy shoe contractors have shod the Western army, and Gen. Halleck writes that the shoes last on an average about four days.

☞ It has been suggested that Cameron, instead of going to Russia, be set to catch Floyd. The reason for the suggestion was not given.

☞ ALL OUT.—When Mulligan's men surrendered to Price, at Lexington, they had no ammunition left, but the rebels did not know it. The first thing the latter did was to demand the cartridges from each soldier. On this demand being made to an Irishman, he said to the officer: "Upon my honor, sir, I've niver a cartridge left: you had them all before we surrendered: had there been any more, you'd surely have got them from us, my dear."

☞ The gradual twining of our armies around the rebels shows an earnest desire to bring the erring brothers into our fold.

☞ The meanest man in the world lives in West Troy. In helping him out of the river, once, a man tore the collar of his coat. The next day he sued for assault and battery.

☞ At the pianist Gottschalk's last concert in Havana, he employed 750 musicians: the receipts were over $7,000.

☞ The rebels have lost a large amount of military stores in Tennessee. They make poor store-keepers.

☞ Any United States officer should be knocked out of a cocked hat, who doesn't do his part towards knocking the rebellion into one.

☞ The head learns new things, but the heart for evermore practices old experiences.

☞ It is said that a Jew declined to purchase some iron, because it happened to be *pig*.

☞ When our army entered Arkansas the rebels appointed a committee to *hang every man who refused to join the rebel army*. This is one way of *raising* recruits.

☞ Rowland Hill said "He would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog are not better for it." Religion has breadth.

☞ An early opening of navigation on the lakes is anticipated, as they are less frozen than usual.

LATEST NEWS.

BATTLE NEAR WINCHESTER.

TOTAL DEFEAT OF THE REBELS.

TWO CANNON TAKEN.

The Cavalry in Pursuit of the Flying Rebels.

ONE HUNDRED REBELS KILLED.

OUR LOSS HEAVY.

THE FIGHT AT ISLAND NO. 10, &c.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Telegraphic dispatches received from Winchester, dated last night at half-past 10 o'clock, says:—A slight skirmish occurred this afternoon about a mile and a half from Winchester, on the Strasburg road, between a portion of Gen. Shields' troops and the rebel cavalry, with 4 pieces of artillery.

The enemy retreated with loss, as soon as our guns opened fire. One man was killed on our side, and Gen. Shields suffered a slight injury on the left arm, from a fragment of a shell which burst near him.

A prisoner, brought in to night, says the enemy were under the impression that our troops had left Winchester, and that Jackson's rebel forces were on the road from Strasburg, under the same impression.

8 o'clock, P. M.—I have just come in from the very front of the battle, three miles off. A complete victory has been achieved over Jackson. We have taken two guns and caissons, and killed at least 100, and wounded twice as many. Our loss is large, but not more than 150 killed and wounded. Our men did bravely, and have taken a great many muskets. The rebels are in full retreat.

WINCHESTER, March 23—10 o'clock P. M.—We have this day achieved a glorious victory over the combined forces of the rebel Gens. Jackson, Smith and Longstreet. The battle was fought within four miles of this place. It raged from half-past ten this morning until dark. The enemy's strength was about 15,000, and the strength of our division was not over 8,000. Our loss in killed and wounded is not definitely ascertained, but it is heavy. The enemy's loss is double that of ours. We have captured a large number of prisoners, some of their guns, and the ground is strewn with the arms they have thrown away in their flight. The cavalry is still in pursuit of the enemy. The particulars cannot be ascertained until daylight.

Bombardment of Island No. 10.

CAIRO, March 22.—The latest advices from Island No. 10 were brought by the dispatch boat which arrived here at 6 o'clock this morning.

The position of our gunboats and mortars was unchanged. Firing was kept up at intervals to prevent the enemy from strengthening or repairing their works.

Steamers were continually arriving with troops from St. Louis.

The mortars and gunboats indulge in occasional shots, but so far without perceptible results.

Only four shots were received from the rebel batteries at Island No. 10 yesterday, while our fleet fired about thirty shells.

There are numerous reports in circulation that the rebels are evacuating the island, and marching across the peninsula to Mrs. Merriweather's landing. It is impossible to ascertain the truth of these reports, but the existing circumstances favor them.

Miscellaneous.

CAIRO, March 22.—A skirmish occurred on Friday last, between a battalion of the 4th Illinois regiment and a squadron of rebel cavalry, near Pittsburg Landing, resulting in the defeat of the latter with some loss. Four of the U. S. troops were wounded.

From the Tennessee river expedition the news is that Gen. Grant is reinstated in command. A second flood is said to be prevailing.

WE have a report of the probable capture of New Orleans, but it seems to be more conjecture, founded on the fact that it was to be attacked by Porter's mortar fleet.

THE rumored attack of Jeff. Thompson on Cape Girardeau proves to be unfounded.

THE loyal people of Fairfax, Va., organized themselves into a "Union Home Guard" which, upon being sufficiently strong, is to be divided into detachments, and stationed at points best suited for the protection of their mutual interests.

THE rebel steamer Merrimac is still undergoing repairs at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

Foreign News.

From Europe we have some late and interesting news. The Italian patriots Garibaldi and Ratazzi have had an important conference, which will be likely to arrange the Italian troubles. The Spanish Government does not contemplate recalling General Prim from the command of the Mexican expedition. In the British Parliament the House of Commons has given the quietus to the effort to break the American blockade.

The London News regards the Union victories in Tennessee as of immense importance, and predicts that now that the North is organized and on the move, it will continue to show its superiority over the South, and dispel the illusion that the southerners are invincible. The arrest of one of the Sumter's officers, and of Mr. Thompson, late U. S. Vice Consul at Cadiz, recently at Tangier, had occasioned a great deal of trouble. The prisoners had been put on board a United States ship. The Moorish government demanded the release of the prisoners, but the U. S. Consul threatened to strike his flag and leave the country, and thereupon the Moorish government acquiesced in the embarkation of the prisoners.

Beaufort, N. C., Occupied by Burnside.

THE REBELS EVACUATE THE TOWN—FORT MACON BLOWN UP AND THE NASHVILLE BURNED.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 23.—The steamer Chancellor Livingston arrived from Hatteras last night.

Immediately after the occupation of Newburn, N. C., Gen. Burnside started an expedition to Beaufort, N. C., but the place was evacuated before our troops approached.

Fort Macon was blown up by the rebels, and the steamer Nashville was burned.

On the day that Gen. Burnside occupied Newbern, 16,000 rebel troops were on the road between Goldsborough and Newbern.

☞ When will Floyd understand his true position? When he gets the *hang* of it.

☞ A physician, accounting for the Southern rebellion, ascribes it to the heat of the sun, as it was nothing but a rash breaking out.

☞ Extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude, because it shows that the person obliged does not trust the mental generosity of his benefactor.

LOVE ME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only love me!
Let gaunt want make shadows in our way,
Let heart-breaking trials be our share,
Let the world frown harshly as it may,
Little do I care,
Only love me!
Give thy sorrows to thy faithful wife,
Grief were joy, dear, if endured with thee,
Let thine eyes shine on me, light and life,
Love me! love me!

Only love me!
Suffer not thy kindliness to tire;
Let not anger make thy love forsworn;
My heart burns to ashes in the fire
Of thy darling scorn!
Only love me!
I have failings, more than I can speak,
I confess I am not worthy thee,
Pardon, then, and pity! I am weak!
Love me! love me!

Only love me!
I will stay by thee in want and shame,
I will follow thee through fire and flood,
I will proudly bear thy cherished name,
Be it ill or good,
Only love me!
I could go through Hades for thy sake,
I could give my hopes of Heaven to thee,
Smile on me, I pray, lest my heart break,
Love me! love me!

Only love me!
All my life is flowing into thine,
As a river floweth to the sea,
Round thy being all my thoughts entwine,
I am nought but thee!
Only love me!
Fail me not, my worship, I am given
Wholly and eternally to thee;
Thou art my heart's earth, and my soul's heaven,
Love me! love me!

WEE

THE LONGEST MONTH IN MY LIFE.

I am a married man, and one who, in that capacity, has seen many moons beside the honeymoon; but the longest month in my life by far took place when I was a bachelor. It is true that I was in love during the period in question, but it was not the frantic expectation of coming bliss which clogged the wheels of time. My beautiful and accomplished Eliza had nothing to do with it. I repeat, it was not she, nor the anticipation of her, which put the break upon the train of life so sharp and strong. The passion which for thirty days protracted my existence so painfully was one more potent even than that of love—it was that of Abject Terror.

Some males are absurdly proud and boastful of their physical courage, always imagining that somebody has called it in question, breathing forth fire and slaughter against persons of more diminutive stature than themselves on the slightest provocation; lustful for combat; for ever sharpening their teeth. For my part, any assumption of this kind would be as misplaced as though a gentleman without a nose should plume himself upon his personal charms. The delicacy of my organization is so extreme that the snapping of a percussion-cap in my neighborhood—let alone powder and ball—has been sufficient, from my youth up, to cast me into a profuse perspiration, while the excessive refinement of mind has still further increased this peculiarity. I am like a magnificent race-horse which has been overtrained (although, indeed, if it comes to speed, I could hold my own with the bravest); but I am no *hors de combat*—no battle-charger. If I were a man-of-war, I should make as good a *running* fight as any ship in her Majesty's service; but for any other species of combat, let me climb a tree, and look on.

The satisfaction which my known disinclination for battle has diffused among my male acquaintance is universal. If I had designedly consulted the greatest happiness of the greatest number, I could not have conferred that boon more universally. Man is a bully, who is never so pleased as when he is flapping his wings over some other cock of the walk who has succumbed to him; and at my approach there was not one in our village circle who did not begin to crow.

Major Blazer, late of the Plungers, but now retired to this pastoral solitude of Tinyton Parva, inflated himself as I drew near, as if he were an aeronaut about to ascend, who carried his balloon inside him. It did not displease me to feel morally certain that I was indirectly hastening the major on to his natural doom of apoplexy. He hectored, he domineered, he turned all sorts of colors, in his tremendous superiority, and, in fact, behaved himself in all respects after the manner of a farm-yard turkey-cock; nay, he was inferior to that foolish bird, inasmuch as the major would never have been good eating, although you might have easily "devilled" his legs with the expressions he made use of. He had some, more or less, Satanic expletive for his each particular limb and feature; and when he had consigned them all to perdition, he used to begin with mine. If, in short, the major was a specimen of them our troops had not degenerated in the accomplishment of bad language since the days in which they swore so terribly in Flanders. My unassuming presence incited this warrior, I felt convinced, to coin anathemas, and therefore, for his own sake, as well as my own, I kept out of his way as much as possible.

Dr. Carvem, who hated the major because he habitually designated the medical portion of his late profession as Sawbones, and who will, I know, defer the opening of his vein, when that apoplexy does come, as long as he decently can, yet joined with the dismounted Plunger in trampling upon my moral carcass. After having been walked over (in spurs) at Powderham Cottage, the doctor would come on to No. 1 Pigeon Villas, and take it out on *me*.

Our rector, the Rev. Dubble Fyst, was as combative as either of these, and derived an equal pleasure from my company. The circle of society for which that divine was intended by nature is, I feel convinced, the prize-ring; and although he is always talking about his "cloth," I have never seen one rag of it about him, except, indeed, he means the table-cloth—for he is the best trencher-man in Tinyton Parva.

"If it were not for my cloth, sir," he would say, swinging his colossal right arm, or exhibiting to me the muscles thereof, as though he were my hired model, "I would astonish that man. He should not pouch twice in my spinney, sir." And if Mr. F. were to publish *his* "Short Way with Dissenters," it would be a very striking performance indeed.

When these three gentlemen met to play at cards, and I was the fourth, it may be conjectured that the evening did not pass rapidly; but long as that long whist often was, the longest month in my life was not passed in that amusement, as many an evening was, amid the contempt of my adversaries, and the unnatural detestation of my partner. My four weeks' misery lies at the door of no *human* being.

"Ghosts!" murmurs the fair reader beneath her breath, as she edges nearer to the bell-handle; "it is going to be a ghost-story, after all."

No, madam; your exquisite intuition has failed you for this once. Ghosts *have* given me many a long night, which, added together, would doubtless make up a month, and more. I have dreamed of them; I have awakened, and sat up in bed to think of them, to listen for them; I have met them (or something very like them) both indoors and out of doors after nightfall, to the great disturbance of my equanimity, but, nevertheless, it was not a ghost which made that month so long.

It was neither man, nor woman,
It was neither ghost nor human,

nor was it a ghoul. It was a dog, madam, a great black dog, which went raving mad in the month appointed by the calendar for dogs to do so, and *bit me in the leg*.

Some persons are fond of dogs, or, at least, are gifted with a natural indifference to them. Their bark does not cause any thrill of terror; their objectionable habit of sniffing about one's ankles excites no apprehension; but it is quite otherwise with me. Many a picturesque ruin have I omitted to explore in my artist rambles, deterred by the presence of a dog; and many a country inn have I passed by fasting for the same reason. It is true that there were often "people about" (as the saying is) in these cases, who would have doubtless called off the rapacious animal, had he attacked me; but called him off from *what?* From my mangled remains, which he would very likely not be permitted to devour, but not from my unscathed and original form. Many a guinea—he condescends in reality to take 10*s.* 6*d.*, but both doctor and patients prefer to speak of the fee as though it were two fees—many a guinea of mine, I say, has Dr. Carvem missed through keeping that horrid terrier pup which used to sit and snarl at his garden gate, until it was one day devoured at a gulp by the rector's Newfoundland dog. Rather than encounter the small but ferocious creature in question, I have often taken a long country walk instead of his master's advice, and cured my indigestion without a dinner-pill from his dispensary. If he had kept a cat instead, it would have been a clear ten pound a year in his pocket, not to mention the absence of dog-tax—the wisest impost, by the by, in my opinion, that was ever laid by a patriotic parliament upon a country that does not know what is good for it.

What was far worse, however, than the doctor's keeping a dog, was that Jonathan Oatlands of the Home Farm, the father of my then beautiful Eliza, kept a couple. They used to sit on either side of his garden gate, like the lions in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and I was Mr. Faintheart, who never dared pass between them to ring the bell. I daresay Eliza thought me very remiss on the days when I didn't call; but although I would readily have gone through fire and water (in moderation) to oblige her, I could not face the terrible creatures, Jock and Jumbo. These huge black beasts delighted in contest, for, as Dr. Watts observes (who, of all poets, understands dogs best), "it was their nature to;" and when they had no one else to growl at, they absolutely growled at one another; this I *know*, for I have heard them scores of times, when they doubtless believed themselves to be alone, as I stood behind the angle of the wall waiting for somebody to bear me company through the perilous pass they guarded. I never knew the creatures apart—which was Jock and which was Jumbo—nor, indeed, was it necessary that I should do so, since they were always together. My Eliza pretended to be very fond of them, but from the first I gave her to understand that she must choose between me and them—"Love me, love my two black dogs," being too great an expansion of the proverbial demand to be tolerated for a moment.

It was August, and the weather was more than usually "seasonable," which is the expression, I believe, used by all well-regulated persons, when it is either too cold in winter, or too hot in summer. The tiles of No. 1 Pigeon Villas were like those of a Dutch oven; the white road threw back the heat into our first-floor windows like a meat-screen. All Tinyton Parva was baked; its thin folks were dried up like mummies, its fat folks simmered and shone. Major Blazer's purple countenance glistened as he moved, like one of his own cucumber glasses. A public meeting was convened, to consider the propriety of muzzling all dogs whatsoever, and I need not say upon which side *my* vote, my interest, and my eloquence were enlisted; but the major (out of mere bravado, for he kept no dog) was dead against us; so was the master of the terrier pup, of course; and so was the Rev. Dubble Fyst. This last gentleman poohpoohed every precaution with a contempt that was positively indecent. "He was afraid," he said, "of no dog living, either mad or sane. If people would only understand how to treat these animals, the smallest child might subdue the most dangerous of mastiffs. A little switch of hazel or willow was all that was required. He was imagining an extreme case; but when the dog made its leap at your throat (sensation), all you had to do was to strike its fore-feet sharply with the switch, and the creature would instantly turn tail and flee."

The parson was known to be an eminently practical man, and his speech was conclusive; the dogs went about unmuzzled, and the men with hazel switches and directions for use.—Even I carried a little switch about myself, although with the same belief in its efficacy as in that of a divining-rod. In the middle of August, 18—, I was returning from a country walk with my portfolio under my arm: the day had been deliciously passed in a certain beech-wood, where I had been making a "study" of a tree for dear Eliza's album. I was not aware how intensely warm it had been (for copper beeches do not get red hot) until I left the wood and reached the blinding road, which had been receiving the rays of the sun for so many hours: the ground almost scorched my feet: in five minutes I became as "dusty and deliquescent" as any of Sydney Smith's stout female clergy, for there was not shade enough on either side the way to accommodate a thermometer; and I was at least a mile and a half from Pigeon Villas. Suddenly I heard distant shouts, and that sort of tumult which is called in old stage directions "an excursion." There was certainly something of an exciting nature occurring in the village. It could not be the mummers, because they only appear at Christmas; nor could it be Jack-in-the-Green, who belongs only to May; and unless for these excitements, Tinyton Parva was sunk in torpor all the year round. Presently I heard a gun go off, which caused me to regret that I had left the shelter of the beech-wood so far behind me. What *could* have happened? I did not believe the French had landed, for they would scarcely have dared to do so during Major Blazer's lifetime; but I did think that there possibly might be a general rising of the peasantry. For all that I knew, Tinyton Parva, and what was worse, Miss Eliza Oatlands, of the Home Farm, might be in the very arms of revolution. A horseman at full speed comes fleeing from the scene of disorder. "The yeomanry, then," said I to myself, "are routed, and the poaching portion of the community are probably roasting the Rev. Dubble Fyst and my future brother-in-law before a slow fire." I had always warned them that their game-preserving would lead to something of this sort. As the man drew near, I recognized in him a farmer in the neighborhood, and called out to know what was the matter. "Oh! nothing," answered he, as he fled by; "only a mad dog. One of Mr. Jonathan Oatland's black ones is running a muck."

I sat down in the dry ditch by the road-side, and mopped my forehead. *Only* a mad dog! Good Heavens, had it already bitten Eliza! Had it bitten that little cur at the doctor's door *which lay between home and me?* These horrible apprehensions were absorbed by a danger so terrible, so real, that the hair of my head arose, and swayed tremulously from side to side, as a field of corn is agitated by contrary winds. I beheld upon the horizon of the road a speck, a dot, a comma, (alas, it was far from being a full stop) which approaching with hideous velocity, expanded, and disclosed a black dog running with his tongue out—the always abominable Jumbo, and NOW MAD.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in my own bed at No. 1 Pigeon Villas. I saw this very literally "with half an eye," for I felt too exhausted to thoroughly arouse myself, and as soon as I had become aware of my position, I shut the lid again, and gave myself up to reflection. A dull aching pain in my left calf materially assisted my memory in recalling what had happened, and there was a suppressed hum of conversation about me, which supplied the rest.

"He was first seen by my dashed gardener," exclaimed a pompous voice familiar to me, "running like the devil's own, and ejaculating: 'That dashed Jumbo has bitten me; run for a dashed Sawbones.'"

"Mr. Palette has his faults, sir, but he does not swear," returned Mr. Dubble Fyst, sternly. "No man shall swear in my company, major, mind that; no matter who he is."

"Right, sir," assented a third voice, tremulous with passion; "nor is Mr. Palette accustomed to apply scandalous and ignominious terms to a profession which in all ages has obtained the respect and—"

"Come, come," interrupted a fourth person, who was no other than Mr. Jonathan Oatlands himself; "do not wrangle, gentlemen, over what may be a dead man before the day is out. It is your place to advise, Dr. Carvem, and ours to assist you to the best of our power. Now, what is to be done?"

"The only effectual remedy in cases of this kind," observed the doctor, "is excision of the wounded part, and that, I am afraid, has been already deferred too long: that twitching of the leg you see affords presumptive evidence of the virus having entered into the system. Still—I have not my instruments with me, but if the poker is in the kitchen-fire, something may yet be done by cauterization."

"Stop!" cried I, with vehemence, starting up in bed, and addressing the company; "listen to me, and desist from your fiendish purpose, for I am not mad at present, and what I say I mean. If you venture so much as to lay a finger on me, you, sir, or you, or you, I'll BITE!" and I opened my jaws, to illustrate this threat, to the uttermost.

In an instant, the room was cleared, and I had sprung out of bed and locked the door. They had fled from me, those braggarts, like chaff before the wind. The brutal and licentious warrior, the fighting parson, the cold-blooded disciple of science, the stubborn and hard-handed agriculturist—ha, ha, ha, ha! Gracious goodness, why did I laugh like that? Was I then already lunatic? Was Jumbo even now permeating my system? Yes; I could not conceal from myself that I felt a sort of longing to go upon all-fours; to smell things; to throw back my head, and howl at the shades of evening, as was the nightly habit of that abominable animal. Panic-stricken, I crept between the sheets again, and tried to think that I was only retiring to rest a little earlier than usual, and that there was nothing the matter.

There came a knock at the door.

"Mr. Palette," said the doctor through the keyhole, "we mean you no harm: the time is gone by for the operation you seem so much to dread. Open the door, and, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself; your reason and your life alike depend upon your keeping mind and body tranquil. Pray, open the door."

To this request, with the proviso, that his myrmidons should take their departure forthwith, I consented, and Dr. Carvem examined the wound. It was a perfectly visible dog-bite, but inconsiderable in extent, and unattended with much inflammation.

"Is it not possible that the cloth of the trowsers may have wiped the virus from his teeth?" inquired I, with anxiety. "He merely made a snap in passing, as I lifted up that ridiculous switch to keep him off."

"A snap!" sighed the doctor, despondingly; "ah, that's an almost certain sign of *rabies*. No, Mr. Palette, it would only be cruel to deceive you. I knew a case which occurred to a lady of the first fashion—a patient of my own, sir—whose clothes were torn by a dog in a similar condition; he never so much as touched her skin at all. The lady sewed up the rent with impunity, but unfortunately bit off the thread with her teeth, and the mischief was done. She refused hock and soda-water—her favorite drink, sir—upon the thirteenth day, and I had the honor of forming part of the funeral *cortege*, which was upon a style—— But you must compose *yourself*, Mr. Palette—you must, indeed. Now, what I was about to suggest is this: do you think you could bear a kettleful of boiling water poured slowly on this little abrasion? for, indeed, it is nothing more. This is the very best remedy, with the exception of the actual cautery which science has suggested; but it requires a little firmness on the part of the patient. If you will permit me to confine your arms and legs with this bell-rope—— Lem-me-go, Mr. Palalalate—lemmegosir—my did-di-dear friend, let me go."

I had very nearly suffocated the man. I had leaped from my couch, and pinned him by the neck to the wall. His cravat was always tight, and I had almost made an end of him. Boiling water, indeed!

"Beware," cried I, "beware lest you taste of my despair, and learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare!"

I saw the doctor's cold eye quail before me as I executed a sort of war-dance of defiance in my day-shirt. This hectoring fellow was but a coward, then, after all.

"Now," cried I, "tell me the worst, or perish, Dr. Carvem. Mention the very earliest time at which, if I am to die, the madness will make itself apparent."

"No man has ever exhibited the disease *as yet*," murmured the doctor, tremulously, "before the eleventh day."

I retreated once more to my pillow, prostrated and unnerved. Ten days of agonizing indecision! It would be enough to drive a man mad, even if he had not been bitten at all!

"And what is the earliest period at which you will be able to certify me out of danger?"

"Not till this day month," returned the doctor, solemnly; "a month is the very earliest at which I could risk my reputation by a decision."

It was *this*, as may well be imagined, which was the Longest Month in my Life. I was perpetually feeling my jaw, to discover whether it was getting locked or no. Whenever I took the least chill, I imagined it to be that rigor which is one of the worst features of hydrophobia. When I had the slightest disinclination to take my usual quantity of sherry, the misfortune of that lady of fashion who had omitted to use scissors was brought to my remembrance, as it were, by a hearse and six. If there was the slightest itching where the mark of the bite had been (for it soon disappeared,) I gave myself up for lost. The only satisfaction I enjoyed during this awful period, was that of imposing terror on those who had once played the bully over *me*.

I walked into the parish church one afternoon, while the Rev. Dubble Fyst was christening an infant, and he could scarcely get through the service for sheer fright. He shook so that I thought he would have dropped the babe; and all because I looked a little wild, and asked whether there was much *water in the font*.

The doctor passed his daily visits to me in a state of abject trepidation.

I had been forbidden by Mr. Oatlands to come near the Home Farm, "until my malady had declared itself, or I was safe" (a most ridiculous alternative;) but I walked into his oak parlor, and demanded to see my Eliza, like some feudal baron addressing his meanest vassal, and Eliza came. I explained to her that I should abstain from kissing her, for fear of the possible consequences of contagion, and the dear girl assented to that prudential resolution without a murmur.

It was the evening of the last day of this long, long month that I sat with the Beloved Object in the yew-tree arbor of the garden of the Home Farm. With the morrow's sun I should welcome, as it were, a new existence; safe and sane, I might then venture to look forward to live a life like other men. I was on the threshold of happiness, and felt almost as secure as though I had passed it. I could even converse upon the calamity which had so deeply darkened the last few weeks of my life with comparative calmness. I was describing how full of the thought of my Eliza I had been, how elastic my step, how joyous my whole being, when the black dog Jumbo, like some wicked magician, had appeared on the horizon, and blasted all things.

"The village clock," said I, with dramatic emphasis, "had tolled the solemn hour of five—"

"Nay, love, it must have been long before five," interposed Eliza.

"Excuse me, dearest," rejoined I; "I not only heard the clock strike, but compared it with my own watch at the time. My last feeling of consciousness in connection with Jumbo, was that he appeared in sight exactly at five o'clock. Although I was at some distance, I heard the chimes distinctly, and they reminded me, dearest, of marriage-bells."

"Our Jumbo was shot before five o'clock, I *know*," asserted Eliza, with greater positiveness than, *at that time*, I could have imagined her capable of exhibiting.

"Then he bit me after death," returned I with calmness.

A terrible suspicion flitted across the beautiful countenance of my Eliza.

"The Ides of March, or at least of September, are come," thought she; "but they are not yet gone. My Augustus is losing his senses after all."

I perceived her suspicions, but thought it better to make no observation.

"And what is become of Jock?" asked I, with indifference.

"Alas," said she, with a little tremor in her tone, "nothing has been heard of that poor dog from that day to this. He took the Beechwood road at full speed the instant that his unhappy brother was despatched, and mortal eye has not since lit upon him."

"Yes, it has," cried I, with a jubilant shout, and leaping a foot or two into the air—"yes, it has, my Eliza. Don't be afraid. *This* eye has lit upon him. I see it all now. There has never been the slightest chance of my going mad. It was Jock that I met, and not Jumbo. The shot I heard in the village was the latter animal's death knell. I shall now proceed to kiss you, my Eliza. Don't be afraid."

The next half hour in that yew-tree arbor was by very far the shortest thirty minutes in that month. I subsequently walked home on air upborne by Cupid's wings. As I passed Powderham Cottage, I saw Major Blazer walking in his garden, and a sudden yearning for revenge took possession of me. In an instant, I had vaulted over the little gate, and was by his side. To say he started would be to give but a feeble idea of the jump he gave.

"Ha, ha!" cried I maniacally, "a beautiful morning, is it not? (It being then about 9 o'clock, P. M.) How nice the sun shines, don't it?"

"Ye-ye-yes," stammered the major, looking towards his door. "It shines dashed nicely."

"Major Blazer," returned I, with fiendish malignity, "you lie, and you know it. It is evening, sir; nay, it is night. Boo!"

"Ye-yo-yes, sir; it *is* night."

I saw he was looking for a weapon, and got between him and a spade that was sticking in the flower-bed.

"I am come to tea with you," exclaimed I, with enthusiasm. "I cannot touch wine or even water to-day, somehow, but I fancy I could touch tea. I don't think it would give me those strange spasmodic twitchings that other liquids do. Ha, Ha, HA!"

The major's purple countenance had changed to a livid whiteness. He could scarcely keep his legs, they trembled so as he edged backwards.

His fingers were, however, upon the door-handle as I made my grand *coup*.

"Do you observe anything in my cough, major, besides its being musical?" And I coughed as much as possible in imitation of the canine species. "Do you know Dr. Carvem *sings*—"

In another instant, the door was slammed with the utmost violence in my face, and I heard the major putting up the chain, and calling for his pistols.

"Ha, ha!" shrieked I, "you're nothing but a fat coward." And finishing with three decided barks through the keyhole, I hurried home.

The Longest Month in my Life was thus satisfactorily ended, and it has since borne fruits of the most agreeable character; I do not so much refer to my marriage with Eliza, as to the increased respect with which I am treated by the three magnificoes of Tinyton. Before I was bitten by Jumbo (as was supposed), I was at a disadvantage in their company. They had found out my weak point, and I was not aware that such doughty individuals as they possessed such a thing. But now, on the slightest approach to hectoring on the part of any one of them, I have merely to cough in a certain significant and dog-like manner, and they change color, and are civil upon the instant. They remember that I have seen them all with their white feathers on in that Longest Month of my Life.

THE WOMEN OF A NATION.—I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absorbed.—*Tocqueville.*

THE BABY MARKET OF NEW YORK.

FROM THE NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

(*See Engraving on First Page.*)

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For Fortune, fair or fat!;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.
—*Hood.*

There is an old saying, "One-half the world does not know how the other half obtains a livelihood," and as the reader scans the annexed advertisement, and as his mind seizes the aim and object of the establishment which is thus brought into public notice by the assistance of one of the New York dailies, he will admit the truth of the aphorism:

"Children taken for adoption, and children adopted out for homes. Three children, from twenty months to one year old, wanted at No. —, —— street, New York!"

So, come with me to No. —, —— street, New York. Let us, together, visit the Baby Market of Gotham. Do not start at the phantom.

The house is respectable. Look! a small servant girl—keen, sharp and agile as a cat in twilight—opens the door to us.

"Please, gentlemen, walk into the parlor, till Missus gets done spanking Napoleon."

Ah, you look at me with wonder! and a little comic smile sadly plays with your philosophic melancholy. Let us enter the parlor. Nothing indicates the occupation of the owner of these rosewood lounges—yet, the statue of Cupid, painted black, which fills a conspicuous station in the parlor, suggests some strange reflections.

Hush! women are taking leave of each other! Listen—has the mother sold her child?—or has a stranger purchased a foundling? No matter. The tones are kindly and gentle, indicating the culture of the voice and manner which is obtained only in *good society*. Heigho! Pish, man! why do you sigh; do you think the *poor* are the only criminals?

The mistress of the establishment enters. She is a portly woman, of thirty or thereabouts; handsome, well dressed, keen eyed, unblushing, and resolute. She speaks; a rich voice, full of deep melody, exercises over us the spell of authority.

"You are looking for a baby, sir. Male or female?"

"Male."

"If you want something very nice, I think I have the very baby that will suit you.—Mary!" (Enter Mary.) "Bring down Brooklyn Heights."

The lady reads our unuttered thought.—*Brooklyn Heights!* and she answers them:

"You see, gentlemen, I have so many, I'm obliged to give them all characteristic names, something suggested by, or associated with, their history. It saves confusion, and is an easy way of keeping the record. How many have I on hand? let me see—eighteen—eight males and ten females, of all ages between three weeks and twelve months. Do I never have them younger? Oh, yes, a day old, if necessary."

"Do you ever tell their parentage?"

At this question Madame looks a perfect sphynx of reticence.

"Oh, yes, they are all my own, because I bought 'em. The instant a child enters that door it loses father and mother, and becomes my property."

"Do parents ever come to reclaim children when they are sold and away?"

"Gentlemen, every occupation has its objections, and my own is not exempt; but I have neither time nor inclination to recount them now."

At this juncture a faint cry from above stairs is heard, and Mary approaches, bearing in triumph Brooklyn Heights, a small, rather fat baby, with a head wonderfully and fearfully made.

"Now, there's a baby for you."

But Brooklyn Heights is not altogether satisfactory to either you or me, and Madame desires Mary to bring down Jeff Davis.

"Bring down Jeff. Davis," says Madame, "he looks so wicked, gentlemen, I thought I'd call him Jeff. Davis; and Mary while you're about it, bring Irish Molly and Baltimore Pet."

I suggest that naming a child Jeff. Davis just now, is like turning a cur into the street, and shouting mad dog!

Madame has no doubt, however, but some Union-loving father will give a more honored name to the waif.

"I have one little rascal, eleven months old, who steals all the pap he can lay his hands on. I call him Floyd. Unless he's well brought up, he'll be hanged to a certainty. Oh! here's Jeff. Where's Baltimore Pet, Mary?"

"He ain't in the nursery, mum, I guess he's a crawlin' up the attic steps. I've brought Floyd and Molly." And now the scene becomes exciting.

Jeff. Davis is a very weak and sickly baby, with evident marks of having been brought up by hand. Madame admits having small hope of his living long. Jeff. is, as she feelingly observes, a losing investment. Poor little fellow, he seems to have a stout heart in his little blue-pinched body, and he tries to get up a laugh as though he didn't care. I don't like to look at him, and I turn my attention to Irish Molly, who doubles her tiny fists and shows her Milesian origin by evident fighting ability. "This child is perfectly formed all over—her name is Irish Molly." She howls vehemently, "'cause she is tuttin her tootsey pegs," says the small servant, (who seems really attached to the children). Molly and Jeff. are removed, and Floyd is set on the carpet, and is left to exhibit his sturdy limbs, while Madame expatiates on his merits. "See what a splendid head this child has; his name is *Floyd*."

"The image of you, sir, would pass anywhere

where for your own. I'm sure your wife would be delighted with him. He's had the measles—they came out beautiful—has been vaccinated, and is as healthy as a prince. Do I ever have trouble with sick children? Oh, yes; children require great care. It is my interest, if nothing else, to nurse them. I cannot sell sick children; you see, I never receive children with inherited diseases, and for simple complaints it is so much pleasanter to nurse a child and sell it to those who'll treat it well, than to *chuck* it into an ash barrel."

"Into an ash barrel!"

"Yes. There are some children left at my door I wouldn't have at any price—one left last night, I sent right off to the Poorhouse. It doesn't pay to take that kind."

"Do you lose many?"

"No; not many. I never lost but one, he must have crawled away, I never *could* find him."

"I mean do many die on your hands?"

"Very few. I generally send them to the Poorhouse for burial."

"On the whole how do you succeed?"

"Very well. I have as much custom in my different occupations, as I can attend to, alone. But, gentlemen, my time is somewhat preoccupied to-day. If neither Brooklyn Heights nor Floyd will suit your purpose, you can see all the rest in the nursery."

Let us go into the "nursery."

We enter, and instantly a dozen pairs of round, shadowless eyes are turned on us, and twelve fine babies begin to "take notice," with all their might. The children look fat, happy and contented, and as well circumstanced, as far as present needs are concerned, as any children in Christendom. The linen surrounding them is clean and plentiful; the room warm and well ventilated, and there is plenty of milk and farinaceous food in sight.

We inspect the babies! And as both you and I have had the advantage of experience, we manage the inspection with an ability that attracts the surprise of the mistress of the nursery. Madame again calls our attention to Brooklyn Heights. We acknowledge that Brooklyn Heights is the successful candidate for our parental affection.

Madame fixes the price of Brooklyn at fifty dollars, "and he'd been a bargain at that. I've kept him back for some time, as I want him to go among nice people. Some come much higher; there's Japhet now; I send him off to Orange county to-morrow morning. Two hundred and fifty dollars Japhet brought me, and he's worth every cent of it."

Lucky Japhet!

Further reflections are cut short by Madame:

"Well, sir, shall I consider Brooklyn Heights your property?"

"You may, Madame, I will call for him this evening with a market basket."

Promising to be punctual, and with mutual assurances of satisfaction, we bow ourselves out.

And so, we have done our duty. Reader, you now know the secret of the New York Baby Market.

LOVE AND SKATES.

A sensitive New Englander, writing from Massachusetts, acknowledges himself caught, and asks if he was not justified by the circumstances which he relates. Here is a case: Well, sir, Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be had in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her. We went down upon the ice, and there Mary just sat quietly down, ordered me on my knees, and quietly placed that foot, the foot, in my lap, and bid me put on her skates. Sir, had Venus dropped down from Heaven, it could not have astonished me more than when that divine foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint—but I buckled on the skates and stood up, with Mary by my side! No; well let me tell you. You have seen a kaleidoscope, with a few odd bits of glass, &c., in a tin tube, and turning it, have seen all sorts of beautiful figures.

Just imagine a kaleidoscope, and in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curling eyelashes, lips, ivory, wavy hair, crinoline, gaiter boots, zephyr worsted, cupids, hearts, darts, a clap of thunder, a flash of lightning and "auld Nick." Imagine yourself the centre of a system, with all these things revolving around you, and a violet bank breathing sighs on you all the while, and you have Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson. Mary and I start—she on my left arm—all square. First, Mary's dear little gaiter boots presented themselves to my astonished vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came up before me, I felt them pressing their blessed beauty with emphasis into the pit of my stomach. Next scene—Wavy hair, with $30 bonnet and a divine head come pitching into my waistcoat, with such a force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next—Mary gazes at me from between my jack-boots, and anon her blessed little nose is thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah! my friends, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain till, in this eventful year of 1862, the fashion of skating has opened new and various sources of information.

Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember how that infernal perverse beast that you selected for your leader, would insist on turning short round and staring you in the face, as if to ask "what the deuce you'd be at?" Well, just you go and try a woman on skates, that's all—just try it. Ah! won't you come to the conclusion that women have sundry and divers ways of accomplishing their objects? Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came round. I am hers.

☞ If a disagreeable fellow insists on sharing your house with you, take the inside for your share, and give him the outside.

WHAT IS IT?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

What kept the moss a-growing
Through January's snowing?
It knew—oh, never doubt it!
The blasted tree without it
Would bleaker seem, and older
To summer's new beholder.
So, green through all the snowing,
'Twas love that kept it growing.

What was the water saying
Beneath the ice-roof playing,
Whereon the sunshine listened,
While underneath, it glistened?
"Oh, kingly sun, arisen
To loose me from my prison;
I murmur not from grieving,
I sing, in thee believing."

What brought the peach-buds swelling
From out their birchen dwelling?
The song of blue-birds won them,
Fresh music, poured upon them,
In bloom is overflowing;
The blush and perfume showing
That life is richer, better,
Joy's never-pardoned debtor.

Oh, loving, soul-fresh faces,
Moss of deserted places—
Oh, voices of the chosen,
Through deadliest cold unfrozen—
Oh, lives with beauty brimming,
Glad in the heaven's near hymning,
Ye know the hidden glory.
Who else may tell that story?

Grow, sing, and bloom undaunted!
A world so shadow-haunted
Needs all your bursting splendor,
Soft lights, and murmurs tender.
The human want is pressing,
O'ershadow it with blessing!
Your triumph sure believing,
Till hearts shall hush their grieving!

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GREAT MEDICINE.

As we have stated, Marksman, after leading Red Wolf to the door of the temple, and seeing him retire, re-entered the sanctuary, closing the door after him. The Comanche Chief was awaiting him, with shoulder leaning against the wall, and folded arms.

"Thanks for your help, Chief," he said. "Without you I was lost."

"For a long time," the Indian replied, "Flying Eagle was hearing, though invisible, his brother's conversation with Red Wolf."

"Well, we have got rid of him for a long time; I hope, now, that nothing will occur to mar our plans or prevent their success."

The warrior shook his head in contradiction.

"Do you doubt it, Chief?" the hunter asked.

"I doubt it more than ever."

"Why so, when everything is going on as well as we can desire, when all obstacles are levelled before us?"

"Och! Obstacles are levelled, but others greater and more difficult to overcome arise immediately."

"I do not understand you, Chief. Have you any ill news to tell me? if so, speak quickly, for time is precious."

"My brother shall judge," the chief said, simply. Then, turning half away, he clapped his hand thrice. And if this inoffensive signal had the power to call up phantoms, two men instantaneously emerged from the shadow, and appeared before the hunter's astonished eyes. Marksman looked at them for a moment, and then clasped his hand with surprise, muttering—

"Brighteye and Don Miguel here! Mercy, what will become of us?"

"Is that the way you receive us, my friend?" Don Miguel asked, affectionately.

"In Heaven's name, what have you come here for? What evil inspiration urged you to join me when all was going on so well, and success, I may say, was insured?"

"We have not come to cross your plans; on the contrary, alarmed by the thought of your being among these demons, we wished to see you and help you, were that possible."

"I thank you for your good intentions. Unfortunately, they are more injurious than useful under present circumstances. But how did you manage to enter the city?"

"Oh, very easily," Brighteye answered, and he told, in a few words, how they had joined him. The hunter shook his head.

"It was a bold action," he said, "and I must allow that it was well carried out. But how does it profit you to have incurred such perils? greater ones await you here, profitless, and of no advantage to us."

"Perhaps so; but whatever happens," Don Miguel answered, firmly; "you understand that I have not blindly exposed myself to all these dangers without a very powerful motive."

"I suppose so; but I try in vain to discover the motive."

"You need not search long. I will tell you."

"Speak!"

"I must—you understand, I hope, old fellow," he said, laying a stress on each syllable. "I must see Dona Laura."

"See Dona Laura! it is impossible," Marksman exclaimed.

"I know nothing about impossibility; but this I know, that I will see her."

"You are mad, on my soul, Don Miguel; it is impossible, I tell you."

The adventurer shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"I repeat that I will see her," he said, with resolution, even if, to reach her, I were compelled to wade in blood up to my waist; I insist on it, and it shall be so."

"But what will you do?"

"I do not know, and care little. If you refuse to help me, well, Brighteye and I will find means, will we not, old comrade?"

"It is certain, Don Miguel," the latter answered, in the placid tone habitual to him, "that I shall not leave you in the lurch. As to finding a plan of reaching the captives, we shall find it, but I will not answer that it is a good one, though."

There was a lengthened silence. Marksman was startled at Don Miguel's resolution, which he knew to be inflexible; he calculated mentally the chances, good and bad, which the young man's untoward arrival offered for the success of his schemes. At last he took the word.

"I will not try," he said to Don Miguel, "any longer to dissuade you from attempting to see the maidens; I have known you long enough to feel that it would be useless, and that my arguments would, probably, only urge you to commit an act of irremediable insanity. I therefore take upon myself to lead you to Dona Laura."

"You promise it?" the young man exclaimed quickly.

"Yes; but on one condition."

"Speak! whatever it be, I accept it."

"Good; when the moment arrives, I will let you know; but take my advice, and ask Flying Eagle to perfect your disguise; in the way you and Brighteye are dressed at this moment, you could not take a step in the city without being recognized. Now I leave you, for day has broken, and I must go to the High Priest; I leave you in charge of Flying Eagle; follow his instructions carefully, for you stake the life, not only of yourself, but of those you desire to save."

The young man shivered at the thought.

"I will obey you," he said; "but you will keep your promise?"

"I will keep it this very day."

After whispering a few words to Flying Eagle, Marksman left the three men in the temple and went out."

The Amantzin was preparing to go to the temple at the moment the hunter entered his palace. Atoyac, curious like the true Indian he was, had not left the High Priest since the previous evening, in order to be present at the medicine man's second visit, which, judging from the first, he assumed would be very interesting. The hunter returned, accompanied by the Amantzin, who was his shadow, to the maiden's apartment. He then attained the certainty that Dona Laura could, without inconvenience, support the fatigue of being carried out of the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun. The girl had, with the hope of a speedy deliverance, regained her strength, and the disease which had undermined her had disappeared, as if by enchantment. As for Luisa, more dubious when the High Priest retired (for the hunter demanded to be left alone with his patients), she said to the Canadian—

"We shall be ready to follow you when you order, Marksman, but on one condition."

"How a condition?" the hunter exclaimed. Then he added, mentally, "What is the meaning of this? Am I to meet obstacles on all sides? Speak, Nina," he continued. "I am listening to you."

"Pardon any apparent harshness in my words. We do not doubt your loyalty. Heaven guard us from it still."

"You do distrust me," the hunter interrupted, in a tone of chagrin. "However, I ought to expect it, for you both know me too little to put faith in me."

"Alas!" Dona Laura said. "Such is the misfortune of our position, that, in spite of ourselves, we tremble to meet traitors on all sides."

"That miserable Addick, to whom Don Miguel trusted," Dona Luisa added, "how has he behaved to us?"

"That is true; you are obliged to speak so! What can I do to prove to you certainly that you can place full and entire confidence in me?"

The maidens blushed, and looked at each other with hesitation.

"Come," the hunter said, simply, "I will remove all your doubts. This evening I will see you again, and a man will accompany me who, I believe, will be able to convince you."

"Whom do you mean?" Dona Laura asked, quickly, "Don Miguel?"

"He will come!" the maidens exclaimed, simultaneously.

"This evening, I promise you."

The girls threw themselves into each others' arms to hide their blushes and confusion.

The hunter, after admiring the graceful group for a moment, went out, saying in a soft and sympathetic voice,—

"This evening."

The Amantzin and Atoyac were impatiently awaiting the result of the visit in the vestibule of the palace. When the hunter joined them, and the High Priest began questioning him as to the condition of the patients, he seemed to reflect for a moment, then answered, in a grave voice:—

"My father is a wise man; nothing equals his knowledge; his heart can repose, for his captives will soon be delivered from the evil spirit that possesses them."

"My father speaks the truth?" the Amantzin asked, trying to read in the medicine man's face the degree of credit he should give him.

But the latter was impenetrable.

"Listen," he answered, "to what the Great Spirit revealed to me during the night; at this moment a Tlacateotzin from a remote hut has arrived at the city; I do not know him, I never heard his name before this day; it is this divine man who must aid us in saving the sick maidens. He alone knows what remedies must be administered to them."

"Still," the High Priest said, with an accent of ill-boded suspicion, "my father has given us proofs of his immense learning, why does he not finish alone what he has so well begun?"

"I am a simple man, whose strength resides in the protection the Wacondah grants me. He has revealed to me the means to restore health to the sufferers; I must obey."

The High Priest bowed submissively, and requested the hunter to confide to him what he proposed doing.

"The unknown Tlacateotzin will tell that to my father when he has seen the captives," Marksman answered; "but he will not have long to wait. I feel the approach of the divine man. Let my father admit him without delay."

Exactly at this moment several blows were struck on the outer door. The High Priest, subdued by the hunter's assurance, hastened to open it. Don Miguel appeared; thanks to Flying Eagle, he was unrecognizable. It is almost unnecessary to state that this scene had been arranged by the hunter and the Comanche Chief during the short conversation they had before separating.

Don Miguel took a scrutinizing look around.

"Where are the sick persons I am ordered by the Wacondah to deliver from the evil spirit?" he said, in a stern voice.

The High Priest and the hunter exchanged a glance of intelligence. The two Indians were confounded. The arrival of this man, so clearly predicted by Marksman, appeared a prodigy.

We will not describe the conversation that took place between Don Miguel and the maidens when they at length met; we will restrict ourselves to saying that, after an hour's visit, which elapsed to the young folks with the rapidity of a moment, Marksman succeeded, with great difficulty, in separating them, and returned with the adventurer to the High Priest, whose suspicions he feared to arouse.

"Courage!" the hunter whispered during the walk, "all is going on well; leave me to manage the rest."

"Well?" the High Priest asked, so soon as they appeared.

Marksman drew himself up majestically, and assuming a stern and imposing accent, said:—

"Listen to the words which the great Wacondah breathes in my chest and sends up to my lips; this is what the divine man here present says: the two suns that follow this are of evil augury, but on the evening of the third, when the moon spreads its beneficent light, my son, the Sachem Atoyac, will take the skin of a vicuna, which my father, the venerated Amantzin, of Quiepan Tani, will kill in the arena, which he will bless in the name of Teotl,* he will spread this skin on the top of a hillock, which is a little way out of the city, in order that the evil spirit, on issuing from the maidens, may not enter any of the inhabitants, and then lead the captives to the spot where the skin is stretched out."

"One of them, though," the High Priest remarked, "is incapable of leaving the hammock on which her body reposes."

"The wisdom of my son dwells in each of his words; but he may reassure himself, the Wacondah will give the necessary strength to those he wishes to save."

The Amantzin was restrained to bow before this unanswerable argument.

"When what I have explained to my father is done," the Canadian continued imperturbably, "he will choose four of the bravest warriors of his nations to help him in guarding his captives during the night. And after I have given the Amantzin and the men who accompany him a liquor to drink, which will protect them from all evil influences, my brother, the divine Tlacateotzin, will expel the wicked spirit that torments the pale women."

The High Priest and the Sachem listened silently, and seemed to be reflecting. The Canadian perceived it, and hastened to add—

"Although the Wacondah assists us, and gives us the necessary power to conquer, still, it is necessary that my brother the Amantzin, and the four warriors he selects, should pass the night preceding the great medicine with us in the sanctuary. Atoyac will give, as an offering to the Wacondah, twenty full cavales to the wise Amantzin. Will my brother do so?"

"Hum!" the Indian said, but little flattered by the preference, "if I do so, what shall I gain by it?"

Marksman looked at him fixedly.

"The accomplishment before the second moon," he answered, "of the project which Atoyac has ripened so long in his mind."

The hunter spoke haphazard; still, it seemed that the blow had told, for the Sachem answered, with considerable agitation—

"I will do it."

"My father is a wise man," the High Priest said, his brow having brightened when the hunter spoke of the offering of the twenty cavales; "may the Wacondah protect him."

"My son is kind," the Canadian contented himself with answering, and took leave of the two men.

On the square Flying Eagle and Brighteye were awaiting the coming out of the two adventurers.

While proceeding towards their host's *calli*, Marksman explained his plan in its fullest details to his comrades. Nothing could be more simple, though, than this scheme, for it consisted in carrying off the maidens so soon as they were placed on the mound. This was the only possible chance of success, for they could not dream of employing force to get them out of the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun.

The delay of three days, fixed by Marksman before attempting his plan, was necessary, in order to send Flying Eagle off to his tribe, to fetch the reinforcements they would doubtless greatly need during the pursuit that must ensue. Brighteye, at the same time, would leave the city to warn the Gambusinos of the day selected, so as to avoid any misunderstanding and place the hunters in good positions.

The same evening, Flying Eagle, Eglantine, and Brighteye, as had been arranged, got into Red Wolf's canoe, who was waiting near the bridge, after the orders he received from Marksman. Eglantine was to remain in the Gambusino's camp, while Flying Eagle, mounted on the famous barb he had fortunately inherited from Don Estevan, would proceed with all speed to his tribe.

When Don Miguel and Marksman had seen their comrades safely off, they returned to Atoyac's cabin. The worthy Sachem, though he felt very angry at the tax of twenty cavales they had put on him, received them most cordially, not daring to infringe the laws of hospitality when dealing with men so powerful as the two physicians. While conversing, he told them that Addick and Red Wolf had disappeared from the city, no one knowing what had become of them. As for Red Wolf, the hunters knew all about it, so his departure did not trouble them; but it was not the same with Addick, who, as their host told them, set out at the head of a powerful war party. They suspected that the young Chief had gone to join Don Estevan, which urged them to double their prudence, for they expected some perfidious machination from these two men.

The three days passed away in visits to the maidens and prayers in the Temple of the Sun. Still, the time seemed very long to Don Miguel and the ladies, who constantly trembled lest a fortuitous accident should disturb the well-arranged plan for their deliverance. The last day, Marksman and Don Miguel were conversing, as they had grown accustomed to do, with Dona Laura and Dona Luisa, while recommending a passive obedience to all their injunctions, when they fancied they heard a rustling at the door of the apartment leading to that in which the prisoners were confined. Marksman, at once re-assuming his borrowed face, opened the door, and found himself face to face with the High Priest, who stepped away with the embarrassed air of a man detected in the satisfaction of his curiosity. Had he heard what the young people and the hunter had been saying in Spanish? Marksman, after reflection, did not think so; still, he thought it prudent to recommend his comrades to be on their guard.

This long day at length terminated, the sun set, and night arrived. All was ready for departure; the captives, each placed in a hammock, suspended from the shoulders of four vigorous slaves, were transported to the top of the mound chosen for the operation, and gently deposited in the vicuna skin. The High Priest, by Marksman's orders, stationed his warriors at the four cardinal points. He then uttered a few mysterious words, to which Don Miguel replied in a low voice, burnt some odoriferous grass, and bade the Indians and the High Priest kneel down to implore the unknown deity.

Don Miguel, during this period, gazed on the city, trying to distinguish if anything extraordinary were occurring. All was calm. The deepest silence reigned over the place. The two hunters, who had also knelt, rose up.

"Let my brothers redouble their prayers," Don Miguel said, in a hollow voice, "I am about to compel the evil spirit to retire from the captives."

In spite of themselves, the maidens gave a start of terror at these words. Don Miguel did not seem to notice it, but made a sign to Marksman.

"Let my brothers approach," the latter said. The sentinels obeyed with a hesitation that threatened to degenerate into terror on the slightest suspicious movement of the medicine men. Don Miguel then proceeded:—

"My brother and I," he said, "are about to return to prayer; but to prevent the evil spirits seizing on you after leaving the captives, my brother Two Rabbits will pour out for each a horn of fire water, prepared and gifted by the Wacondah with the virtue of saving those who drink it from the attack of the evil spirit."

The sentries were Apaches. At the word "fire-water," their eyes sparkled with covetousness. Marksman then poured them out a large calabash of spirits, mixed with a strong dose of opium, which they swallowed at a draught, with unequivocal signs of pleasure. The High Priest alone seemed to hesitate, but at length made up his mind, and boldly emptied the cup, to the great relief of the hunters, whom his hesitation was beginning to alarm.

"Now!" the Canadian shouted, in a rough voice, "on your knees, all of you."

The Apaches obeyed. Don Miguel imitating them, Marksman alone remained standing, while Don Miguel, with his arms stretched to the north, seemed ordering the evil spirit to retire; the Canadian began turning rapidly, while muttering incoherent words, which the adventurer repeated after him. After this, Don Miguel rose, and made an invocation.

Twenty minutes had passed. During this period, an Indian fell, with his face to the ground, as if humbly prostrating himself. Soon a second did the same, then a third, then a fourth, and, lastly, the High Priest fell in his turn. The five Indians gave no signs of life.

Marksman, to make sure, let the nearest man taste the point of his knife. The poor wretch did not stir; the opium had produced in him and his comrades such an effect that their necks might have been twisted before they woke.

Don Miguel then turned to the ladies, who were awaiting with ever increasing perplexity the end of this scene.

"Fly," he said, "if you wish to save your lives."

He then seized Dona Laura in his arms, threw her over his shoulders, took a pistol in his left hand, and dashed down the hill. Marksman, calmer than the young man, began by repeating thrice the signal agreed on with his companions. At the expiration of a moment, which seemed to him an age, the same cry answered him.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed, "we are saved."

He went toward Dona Luisa, and wished to take her in his arms.

"No," she said, with a smile, "I thank you, but I am strong and can walk."

"Come on, then, for heaven's sake."

The girl rose.

"Go on," she said, "I will follow you; think of your own safety, I can defend myself."

And she showed the hunter the pistols he gave her two months previously.

"Brave girl," the hunter said, "but for all that do not leave me."

He made her go down in front of him, and both soon reached the foot of the mound. When about half-way to the forest the hunters were obliged to stop, for the ladies, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, felt they could not go further. Suddenly a large party of horsemen, with Don Mariano, Brighteye and Ruperto at their head, dashed at a gallop from the forest, and hurried towards them.

"Ah!" Don Miguel said, with maddening joy, "I have really saved her, then!"

The maidens mounted the horses prepared for them beforehand, and were placed in the middle of the detachment.

"My child, my darling daughter?" Don Mariano repeated, as he covered her with kisses.

The adventurer respected for a few minutes the gentle affection of the father and daughter, who had so long been separated, and never hoped to meet again. Two briny tears he could not check ran down his bronzed cheeks, and in the presence of happiness so perfect, he forgot for a moment that henceforth an insurmountable barrier was raised between himself and her he loved so much; but soon regaining his spirits, and comprehending the necessity of haste, he ordered—

"Forward! forward! we must not be surprised."

All at once a sinister flash crossed the horizon; a sharp whizz was heard, and a bullet crushed in the skull of a Gambusino, scarce a yard from Don Miguel. Then a horrible yell, the war cry of the Apaches, burst forth.

"Back, back!" Marksman exclaimed, "the Redskins are on us!"

The Gambusinos, burying their spurs in their horses' flanks, started at headlong speed. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

*Great unknown God.

SONG.

Who calls me bold because I won my Love,
And did not pine
And waste my life in secret pain, but strove
To make him mine?

I used no art; 'twas Nature's self that taught
My eye to speak,
And bid the burning blush to paint unsought
My flushing cheek;

That made my voice to tremble when I bid
My Love "Good-by"—
So weak that every other sound was hid
Except a sigh.

Oh, was it wrong to use the truth I knew,
That hearts are moved
And spring warm-struck with life and love anew,
By being loved?

One night, there came a tear, that big and loth
Stole 'neath my brow.
'Twas thus I won my heart's own heart, and both
Are happy now. C. M.

PRAYING FOR OTHERS.

What one that has ever prayed, has not come upon occasions of praying for others, and fluttered on the threshold of petition, not doubting altogether whether God would hear our prayers for ourselves, but wondering whether he would hear prayers for others, uttered by us. He is more likely to hear your prayers for others, than he is to hear your prayers for yourselves, a great deal. Does my boy ask me for food? If he asks for food for himself, I am, to be sure, willing to give it to him; but if he comes to me and says, "Father, there is a poor, shivering, hungry boy on the sidewalk; may I carry some food out to him?" though I might have denied him the loaf for himself, when he asks liberty to carry it to an unknown stranger that is suffering, I say, "Go, carry it to him;" and I give him double that he asks for. If my son ask a thing for himself, I may not think it best that he should be indulged; but if he asks a thing for his companion in royal friendship, I will be twice as likely to grant his request. In other words, I bless generosity when I would not selfishness; I bless magnanimity when I would not self-need, even. I would often deny a child things that are for the child; but I never would deny him things that are for his friendship. There he touches me, and there he opens a companionship, and not a mere paternity.

And so, when we ask God for mercies for others, do not you suppose he feels the sway of that same emotion which we feel under like circumstances? We are conscious that we grant things asked for others, more readily than things asked for self. And it is so with God to a far greater degree than with us. Do you suppose that when a mother prays for her child, God does not feel more than He does when she prays for herself? What gives peculiar beauty to the mother's prayer for her child, is the sweet unconsciousness with which she offers it. There is one thing which God looks upon as more beautiful than rocks, and trees, and mountains, and fields, and storms, and waters, and that is the landscape of the heart.—*From Beecher's Sermons.*

☞ Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography—"very poor and very pious." "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown. "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

MOUNT WASHINGTON IN WINTER.

[Mount Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the highest point of land of the eastern slope of the continent of America, has of late years been a favorite pilgrimage in summer, but held to be totally inaccessible in winter. Three adventurous persons, whose names are given below, made the ascent in February, and we republish their interesting account from the Coos (N. H.) Republican. It is doubtful whether the foot of any white man ever trod the great mountain in mid-winter before; and it is not probable that the attempt would now have been successfully made, but for the construction of the carriage road to the top, from the Glen House, completed last summer.]

Early in the morning of Feb. 10, 1862, F. White, C. C. Brooke, and J. H. Spaulding, all of Lancaster, N. H., started from that place for the top of Mount Washington. We found the roads bad, and, arriving at the Glen at dark that day, having previously determined to spend the first night at "the Ledge" (half way up the mountain,) we resolved to go on without sleep. After partaking of a substantial supper at the Glen House, Mr. Thompson and wife kindly offered us any needful thing that might be lacking for our excursion. When all had expressed good wishes for our success, we said "good night," and started at 3 o'clock up the mountain. The moon was shining brightly as, with ample packs, filled with blankets and provisions, we slowly walked up the Carriage Road on snow-shoes. The night was still, and, highly excited as we were by the thoughts of the adventure before us, the spring of our shoes on the glittering crust seemed music to us, while the tree-shadows thrown across our path, and the white, winding road contrasting with the dark evergreen thickets, combined to make our night walk quite varied in incidents, and it was past midnight when we arrived at "the Ledge." The great barn built there last season we found in ruins; and this, with the fire-scathed trees, boldly relieved by moonlight—the glittering ledge, and the dark old shanty in the back-ground—combined to present a very wild picture. At the shanty we kindled a fire, took a lunch, and, upon an old straw bed, laid down on a snow-drift, and drowsed till daybreak.

At sunrise we started for "Tip-Top," without snow-shoes. Soon began the labor of advancing by cutting steps in the ice. When we halted to rest we noticed the stillness that reigned around us—not a breath of air—not a sound of running water—for beneath a wintry robe every waterfall was chained. How like blank solitude was this death-like silence! Yet, its loneliness was pleasantly enlivened by the wonderful and wide-spread landscape beneath and around us, that afforded ample scope for admiration. A thousand pyramids of smoke hung above dark objects that were roughly set in wide white margins. What a host of hopes, fears, joys and sorrows were grouped in these homes below! But we will not speculate, for the task before us is to be accomplished slowly and carefully.

About five miles up we came to a wide field of ice, where we could not possibly advance without cutting deep steps. It is not fiction to declare, that as the pieces of ice went whirling down, like a heavy shower of hail, at least 800 feet below, a shudder, such as teaches poor mortality its weakness, came over us. One false step or careless motion in such a place, would have sent us down—down—and given us a name with other victims of rashness. About six miles up we came to a deep drift that covered many acres, and here, not being able to follow the road, we wandered for a long way over snow thrown up and hardened in fanciful, wavy shapes. At one place we climbed through the tops of a dwarf growth, that had the appearance of a buried wilderness. Here took a lunch, and in a brisk south wind that had been rising for the last half hour, found the temperature 27 deg. above zero. Looking toward Mount Carter, we beheld a long line of black storm-clouds, with rainbow-tinted borders, whirling wildly over, and filled with fear for the coming night, up we hastened—yet gained our object slowly; for at one time, when I had slipped down, I looked, and both of my companions were down, too, but remembering the old adage, that "misery loves company," I kept silent.

As we approached the Tip Top, a heavy black cloud was wildly whirling over; and as the wind, with a roar like thunder, drove the wintry mass toward us, we became enveloped in its embrace, and soon the snow and frost had so whitened us, that perchance old winter was never better personated than by us. Words are a very imperfect medium by which to picture the scene that the Tip Top presented. The two houses stand out in bold relief, and every rock-heap and great rock about the summit is now to be seen through a thick covering of glittering ice. Crusted leaves of snow stand out from the jagged parts on the northerly side, in all the imaginable and fanciful shapes that the frost ever painted on window glass. For the last half mile below the top, we could distinctly see through the ice and snow the wheel-tracks made in the carriage road last season; and with the exception of now and then a deep drift, the whole mountain summit shows its rocks.

There is a great drift at the southerly end of the houses, and hardened snow has levelled up the irregular top so that, with the exception of the *eternal* wind, it is comfortable walking on the crust or ice-pointed snow.—The tops of both houses are thickly coated with solid ice—rough and pointed in all imaginary shapes. We walked up on to the drift—broke away the ice from the southerly gable-end window of the Summit House, and taking out a window, entered the attic, where, after removing the snow, we brought us from the darkness and icy confusion of a lower room a stove—got some wood from the Tip Top House, kindled a fire and piling around our little stove a barricade of mattrasses, prepared to pass the night. The heavy wind swept by like thunder, and we slept. Two days' labor and excitement, with our midnight walk to "the Ledge" had imposed quite a tax upon our powers of endurance, and we heeded not the tempest that was gathering, till, late in the morning, we found our habitation in a wild, thick storm. Language cannot paint the hopes and fears that struggled in the mind at such a time—but to make the best of our condition, we prepared for a siege and looked about. The interior of both houses we found much deranged by the Winter storm. Snow and ice, from three inches to five feet thick, lay piled in all directions—the furniture being most curiously set in white feathery casings. In the bar-room we noticed a spade which was encased in clear ice, and in one place a little cord suspended from the roof, had assumed the appearance of a glass tube some two inches thick and two feet long. The cloth roofing and wall paper in many rooms torn down, while fancy snow wreaths and icicles are all around upon the walls and roofs. The darkened windows, with the thick covering without, combined with the ceaseless roar of the wind, gave the whole scene a chilling air of desolation.

To conclude, without longer taxing the reader's patience; we stayed two days and two nights on the top of Mount Washington—experienced the effects of a wild snow-storm that drove by us for thirty-six hours—had one of the most magnificent sunrise scenes that imagination can picture—saw the sun go down in a vast snow-bank—saw moonlight upon a hundred glittering peaks—found the most extreme cold while there indicated at five degrees below zero—returned to the Glen in a thick snow storm, and now feel perfectly satisfied with our trip.

We were remarkably well favored by the weather, and were very lucky about climbing over the ice-clad rocks. Should others attempt to go up among the clouds, for their own sake they should go thoroughly prepared for the worst. An iron-pointed staff, with an ax, and plenty of food and clothing, are indispensable. J. H. S.

A CHILD.

A child is born; now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
Oh, who shall say that it has lived in vain?
—*Bowring.*

☞ Alas! how fleeting is all earthly bliss! Did you ever meet a man who greatly cared for turtle soup after the fourth plateful?

☞ In all of Dickens's creations he has not, in any case, attempted to introduce an Irishman into his writings. The fact is so, but whether he felt himself incompetent to the creation of an Irish character, or loved or hated the Irish too well, who shall say.

☞ The question in regard to man's political position used to be, "Is he sound on the goose?" Now, Prentice says it should be, "Is he sound on the eagle?"

☞ Don Quixotte thought he could have made beautiful bird cages and toothpicks if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

☞ The breastplate of the rebel General Crittenden is described as made of common sheet iron, of four thicknesses, riveted together, about fourteen inches broad.

☞ George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, while lecturing in England, stopped one night with a Quaker family. The Quakers, it is known, are too staid to permit music in their sect, believing it a profitless amusement, indulged in by the world's people. Mr. Thompson is fond of music, and is something of a singer. During the evening, he sang "Oft in the Stilly Night," which was listened to with rapt attention by the family. In the morning, after Mr. Thompson came from his chamber, the matron of the house appeared quite uneasy. She wished to hear the song again, but it would hardly do for her, a Quakeress, to request its repetition. At last, her desires getting the better of her, she ventured to say: "*George*, will thee repeat the words of last evening *in thy usual manner?*"—*Northampton Free Press.*

☞ The latest number received of *The London Saturday Review*, a leading literary paper, distinguished for its ability and its knowledge, speaks of the Burnside Expedition as having landed on the *west coast of Virginia*. It may possibly believe that the territory of that state runs, as it did a hundred years ago, through to the Pacific, and that General Burnside has made that little voyage with his hundred and odd vessels by the way of Cape Horn; but the probability is that it means no such thing, and that it has not the faintest conception of where Virginia is, or else believes it to be the Island of Roanoke.—*Independent.*

☞ "*How do the first proper names first mentioned in the Bible contain the first Record of Corporal Punishment?*"

"ANSWER:—Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Seth: to be arranged and read thus: '*Adam, saith Eve, cane Abel.*"

☞ A Western paper remarks upon the similarity in sound of war contractor, and boa-constrictor. There is little to choose between them.

☞ Small wits are great talkers, as empty barrels and shallow streams make the most noise. It has been said that the smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth. "I talk a good deal, but I talk well," said one of these men to Cardinal Richelieu. "Half of that is true," said the Cardinal.

☞ "Man proposes, but God disposes," said a pious aunt to her over-confident niece. "Let a man propose to me if he dare," was the response, "and I will dispose of him according to my own views, as he suits me."

NEWS ITEMS.

NO FEAR OF THE "MERRIMAC."—The preparations which have been made in Hampton Roads, for the rebel steamer Merrimac, are now so complete that no fear is felt as to the result of another contest, should she leave Norfolk harbor. The Monitor alone, it is believed, would be able to sink her; but even if that little vessel should fail, other measures have been taken which it is believed will insure us a victory. It is rumored that the Merrimac will be run down by fleet steamers in case she would have no effect upon her. Being a slow sailer, she would be unable to attack any of the wooden steamers in Hampton Roads, and would be almost certain to careen and go down, if run upon by the Monitor or either of our fleet war steamers.

THE contractors are now busily engaged in printing the $150,000,000 new legal tender notes. The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized them to print the signatures of the notes in *fac simile* at the same time the note is printed. This will save the department a vast amount of labor and money, and enable the new issue of the notes to be made on the 1st of April. This is at a much earlier period than was at first anticipated.

DIFFICULTY AMONG THE ALLIES IN MEXICO.—Diplomatic circles are sensibly disturbed by authentic news received here from Cuba indicating the occurrence of a serious misunderstanding between the Allied Powers in Mexico—the probable departure of the British forces from that country—the return of several Spanish regiments from Vera Cruz to Havana, and the augmentation of the French forces in Mexico. A rupture between the Spanish and French Legations in Mexico is supposed to have occurred.

AT the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., Colonel Dodge, of the 4th Iowa regiment, went into the fight with 500 men, and out of that number 180 were killed or wounded, while the gallant colonel had three horses shot under him, and was himself slightly wounded.

GOV. MAGOFFIN STILL SECESSION.—Gov. Magoffin has vetoed a bill, which passed the Legislature of Kentucky, requiring all ministers, before they were qualified to perform the marriage ceremony, to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.—A new military department has been created, composed of the states of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and Major-Gen. Hunter has been assigned to its command. The headquarters are at Beaufort. Gen. Hunter will rank Gen. Sherman, but this is not considered in a military sense as a supersedure of Gen. Sherman.

THE MORTALITY IN THE ARMY.—Many exaggerated statements having been made as to the mortality in the army, it is ascertained from official sources that the number of deaths among the regulars stationed at Washington for the quarter ending with March, 1861, was 28; for the quarter ending with June, 33 regulars and 46 volunteers; for the quarter ending with September, 56 regulars and 749 volunteers; for the quarter ending with December, 108 regulars and 2,970 volunteers. Total 3,990, of which 100 were from wounds. The above deaths were in 257 regiments, including those of the army of the Potomac.

PEA RIDGE.—Telegrams from Gen. Curtis state his loss, killed and wounded, at the battle of Pea Ridge to have been about 1,400. The enemy had retreated entirely south of Boston Mountains. There were no rebel troops in Northern Arkansas, except marauders and Pike's Indians, who kill and plunder friends and foes indiscriminately.

FORTIFICATIONS AT WINCHESTER.—The fortifications are more ridiculous than formidable, and were mostly constructed last summer, when Gen. Patterson threatened Winchester. Their army was small, but their retreating movements were all made leisurely, without fear of the large army within twenty miles.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

A POST-OFFICE agent reports from Tennessee that wherever he has been he has found a strong desire for the re-establishment of the mails, and a willingness among the people to return to their allegiance. In the town of Gallatin, a public meeting, which was addressed by Bailie Peyton, voted to return to their allegiance, and petition for a post-office.

GEN. BUTLER and staff have arrived at Ship Island.

THE recent battle at Valverde, in New Mexico, proves to have been very disastrous to us in its consequences. The rebels captured six pieces of artillery, cut off Colonel Canby's communications, captured Albuquerque, and caused the abandonment of Santa Fe.

WE have a repetition of the report that Yancey has been captured in the disguise of a sailor on board a schooner which was trying to run the blockade.

SOUTHERN advices received at Nashville, say that Yancey has arrived at New Orleans, and made a speech, avowing that no help can be expected from England or France, and urging retaliation by stopping the cotton cultivation. Parson Brownlow has left for the North.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, now one of the Major-Generals of Volunteers, will not be able to assume command much before May, as he is ordered to remain at St. Petersburg until Mr. Cameron, the new Minister to Russia, reaches there.

THE Troy Times learns, by a private letter from a well-known American artist in London, to a friend in that city, that Yancey left the modern Babylon without paying his board bills. This information was derived from a secessionist.

IT is stated that the gamblers of Washington, during the past six months, have won pay-rolls from officers amounting in the aggregate to over five hundred thousand dollars. It is a pity that the payment of these rolls cannot be stopped.

AFTER a thorough investigation, before a Court, of the circumstances attending the escape of the Sumter, at Martinique, Captain Palmer has been acquitted of all blame, and the Secretary of the Navy has ordered his immediate restoration to the command of the Iroquois.

GEN. SHIELDS' march from Winchester to Strasburg was disputed at every point by Jackson's rebel army, but Shields reached Strasburg safely with his men, after much skirmishing.

THE enemy have evacuated their batteries at Aquia Creek and Potomac Creek, destroying the railroad buildings.

THE Harper's Ferry railroad bridge is completed, and trains of railroad cars have crossed it.

EFFECT OF THE UNION VICTORIES IN ENGLAND.—The London Times admits the recent successes of the Federals and their importance, but says they have been gained in countries where the allegiance of the population was divided, and that they have scarcely brought the Federal government any nearer than before to a reconstruction of the Union. (Hem!)

THE rebels are concentrating at Corinth, Mississippi, and Decatur, Alabama. At the latter place, in large numbers. The officers of the steamer McGill report that not a particle of Unionism exists about Pittsburg Landing. The rebel force at Decatur and Corinth is estimated at forty thousand.

THE TAX ON GAS.—The Federal revenue from gas, according to the proposed tax in the House bill, will be nearly $1,000,000. The latest returns of gas consumption show that New York will pay a tax of about $280 830, Philadelphia $108,000, Boston $50,000, Brooklyn $40,759, Cincinnati $24,000, and other cities from $18,000 to $4,000.

THE VICTORY AT NEW MADRID, Mo.

Gen. Pope reports to Gen. Halleck as follows: Our success has been even greater than I reported. Twenty-five pieces of heavy artillery—twenty-four pounders and rifled thirty-twos—two batteries of field artillery, an immense quantity of mixed ammunition, several thousand stand of small arms, with hundreds of boxes of musket cartridges, three hundred mules and horses, tents for an army of twelve thousand men, and an immense quantity of other valuable property, of not less value than a million of dollars, have fallen into our hands.

The men only escaped, but the enemy's whole force is demoralized and dispersed in the swamp on the opposite side of the river. The enemy abandoned the works so hurriedly as to leave all the baggage of officers and knapsacks of men, their dead unburied, their suppers on the tables, and the candles burning in the tents.

The furious thunder storm which raged all night enabled them to get across the river without being discovered.

One heavy battery was established during the night of the 12th, within eight hundred yards of the enemy's works, and opened at daylight on the 13th, just 34 hours after the guns were delivered to us at Cairo.

During the whole day yesterday, our lines were drawn closer around their works, under the furious fire of 60 pieces of artillery.

The fear of an assault upon their works at daylight, induced them to flee precipitately during the night.

Many prisoners have been taken, and the colors of the several Arkansas regiments.

Our forces have behaved admirably. Our loss has been about 50 killed and wounded.

Commodore Hollins was in command of the fleet, and Generals McCown, Stewart and Gault, of the land forces.

The gunboats went down the river.

I have 25 heavy guns, with two works of the enemy, which command every point of the river. JOHN POPE,
Brigadier General Commanding.

SECESH RELICS.—A volunteer, in writing home to his family in Philadelphia, after the battle at Newbern, remarks, that to that fight Roanoke was but a skirmish. He also remarks: You would have laughed if you had seen Burnside on that day. His dress was a compound between a coal-heaver and an Italian brigand. If you have ever seen the "Corsican Brothers" played, you can form an idea of his costume."

The volunteer sends several relics of Secessia. Among them is a letter found in a rebel knapsack, addressed to Wm. F. Utley, care of Captain Raud, Twenty-sixth Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers. It is from C. E. McCullers, Raleigh, who consoles his friend in a matter-of-fact way for being jilted by a young lady, adding: "Miss ——— was delirious when she received your letter. Pap killed a fine old gobble yesterday. He weighed twenty pounds."

Other relics are two green postage stamps, with the head of Jeff. Davis, marked, "Postage, Confederate States of America, Five Cents"; a Portsmouth, Va., Savings Fund Society note for ten cents; and three brown envelopes, manufactured by W. & J. Bonitz, Goldsborough, N. C., the poetry upon which runs thus:—

"May those Northern fanatics
Who abuse their Southern neighbors,
Approach near enough to feel
The point of our sabres;
May they come near enough
To hear the click of a trigger,
And learn that a white man
Is better than a n'gger."

DEFEAT OF THE REBELS AT POUND GAP, KY.—The Cattelsburg correspondent of the Commercial says that a boat has arrived from Piketon, bringing the particulars of Gen. Garfield's expedition to Pound Gap, 42 miles beyond Piketon.

There were 5,000 rebels entrenched on the summit of the Cumberland Mountains, at Pound Gap. General Garfield ascended the mountains with his infantry by unfrequented paths, and while his cavalry by advancing along the main road and making a vigorous attack in front drew the rebels a short distance lower down the summit. The infantry advanced along the ridge and completely routed them, after a fight of less than twenty minutes. The rebels abandoned everything.

Gen. Garfield pursued the rebels six miles into Virginia, and after quartering his men over night in the captured camp, burned their barracks, consisting of sixty log huts, with a large quantity of stores.

The rebels lost seven killed and wounded. Nobody was hurt on our side.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR AT WASHINGTON.—From a letter of the Hon. Carl Schurz, published in the New Yorker Demokrat, we learn that in a conversation which Mr. Schurz and several members of Congress had with Mr. Secretary Stanton, on the 8th instant, the Secretary publicly stated that a council of war had been held the day before, at which twelve Generals were present, when four voted for an immediate advance of the army of the Potomac, while eight voted against it, General Blenker, the commander of the German division, being one of these eight. At the same time, Mr. Stanton spoke in terms of sharp severity of General Blenker on account of this vote, adding that all the gentlemen present were authorized to repeat what he had said.

This letter of Mr. Schurz is drawn forth by a previous incorrect report of the conversation referred to.

ILLNESS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—It will be a source of regret to the nation to learn that Mrs Lincoln has been so ill for some time past as to confine her to her room. But few persons have been allowed to see her, and these her most intimate friends. We are glad to say that to-day she is somewhat better, and it is hoped that she will soon be in the enjoyment of her usual health.

Since the loss of Willie Lincoln, both the President and his lady have been sorely afflicted in mind and body. Added to this, the onerous duties of the Executive have so heavily weighed upon his mind as to bring about an indisposition, from which he is slowly recovering. In consequence of the ill health of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, it is probable that no more receptions will be held during the present session of Congress.—*Washington Star of Thursday.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The discovery of a new river at the West, named the Constantine, by the London Times, shows that our writers on geography are woefully behind the age. But the Paris *Moniteur* takes even this blunder down; for in describing the progress of Burnside's expedition, it records the advance of the Federal army to Elizabeth City. "From there a detachment advanced *as far as the Tennessee River, and thus occupied the principal road between Memphis and Columbus.* This movement establishes Gen. Burnside in the rear of the great army of the Potomac."

This, be it observed, appears in the official organ of the French Government.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE.—Gens. Wright and Halleck have been instructed to protect the overland route to California, as the mails and treasure must find free transit across our own soil.

COLONEL JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Colonel Garfield, who was the hero of the defeat of Humphrey Marshall, is a native of Massachusetts, and has been a Methodist preacher. As such, he was settled at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, and became President of the College at that place. He is a man who stands five feet nine inches in his boots, with yellowish white hair, like that of Horace Greeley, and his friends have claimed for him the distinction of being the strongest man, physically, in the United States. The following anecdote is related of him:

"At one of his out-door religious meetings, while he was eloquently portraying the patience of Job, a big two-fisted rowdy, who had long been the terror of the county, and had broken up a number of meetings, leaped into the circle of weeping Christians, and with a wild Indian war-whoop exclaimed:

"I'm ready for a fight! If yer white-headed minister is so mighty strong as yer talk of, let him jump his length into the old hyena!"

Without evincing the slightest anger, Mr. Garfield exclaimed—

"Yes, my dear friends, Job was a pattern of patience, and yet if he were here at the present moment, I doubt not he would do as I am about to."

And walking up to the bully, with a movement almost as quick as lightning, he turned him half way round, knocked off his cap, and grasping him by the hair, hoisted him at arm's length from the ground as easy as if he had been an infant. The fellow being a coward—as all rowdies are—was almost frightened to death, and screamed out, in the most frantic manner—

"Let go my har! For God's sake, let go! I'll never trouble you agin! Let go my har!"

After making the fellow promise to occupy a front seat during the rest of the meeting, Mr. Garfield let him "drap." It is needless to say that out-door meetings in that section were never afterwards disturbed, if Rev. Mr. Garfield was the clergyman present.

☞ "There's a woman at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe. "Yes," replied Charley, "when I used to get into mischief, my mother soon proved that to be true." From this, one may reasonably infer that the old lady went to the foundation of the matter.

☞ HOW HE LOOKED.—Floyd, the fugitive, as he fled through Clarksville, after the battle of Fort Donelson, is described as looking very seedy, with greasy clothes, unkempt hair and beard, and presenting altogether anything but the appearance of a member of a First Family—although he was among the *first* of the runaways.

☞ A small quantity, either of tellurium methyl, or of a salt, allowed to get on the finger, soon communicates a smell to the whole body, and in a few days is perceptible in the breath. The stench is so lasting that the unfortunate chemist is shut out from society for several months.

☞ Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and the beast by nature.

☞ A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a seventy-four pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles.

☞ The Dubuque (Iowa) Times tells of a little girl in that place who went into a large drug store, and walking up to the proprietor, asked, in a half whisper—"If a little girl haint got no money, how much chawin' gum do you give for nothin'?"

☞ Mrs. Partington, on reading an account of a schooner having her jibboom carried away on Long Island Sound, one night last week, wondered "why people would leave such things out o'doors, nights, to be stolen, when there was so many buglers about filtering everything they could lay their hands to."

☞ All the ideas of King William III. were military. Being told that Dean Swift was a very clever fellow, and had done great service to his majesty, the king replied:—"Very well, then, I'll give him a troop of light dragoons."

☞ Wordsworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

☞ "Can you tell me, Billy, how it is that Chanticleer always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?" "No." "Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his comb with him."

☞ The Confederate government follows Captain Cuttle's advice, and whenever they find a piece of paper, they "make a note of it."

☞ The lowest price offered for an army substitute in Richmond is $50, and the highest $500.

☞ The young tell what they do; the old what they have done; and fools what they are going to do.

☞ Charles Dickens, on the 7th of last month, completed his fiftieth year, having been born at Portsmouth on the 7th of Feb., 1812.

☞ The life of a Massachusetts soldier at the battle of Roanoke, was saved by a ball striking and glancing from the miniature of his wife. See what it is to be married!

☞ A child of five, having seen her father for the first time, he having been absent in California, was much astonished that he should claim any authority over her, and on an occasion of rebellion, she cried out: "I wish you had never married into our family!"

☞ The brown freestones, so much used in the buildings of New York, the red sandstones of New Jersey, and all rocks of a reddish-brown color, owe their hue to the sesquioxide of iron which they contain.

ELECTION IN READING, PA.—The Union men carried all the city officers, both the city constables, and majorities in both branches of City Councils. The majorities ranged from 70 to 200 over the Democratic candidates.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival at Portland of the steamship Anglo-Saxon, from Liverpool, we have later news from Europe. The importance of the Federal victory at Fort Donelson was generally recognized in England, and caused an advance in American securities and a fall of cotton. The London Times, however, depreciates the importance of the victory, by denying that our successes bring us any nearer to our object. The London Post hopes that it may lead to a compromise between the North and South.

Lord Palmerston had said in the House of Commons, in reply to inquiries, that the British government had originally intended to send to Canada a much larger force than what had had been dispatched, but that the number was reduced at the representation of the colonial authorities, and that he believed the display of power, promptitude and vigor had tended greatly to a peaceful solution of the difficulty with America.

The army estimates were reduced, and the principal portions of the same agreed to. The total asked is sixteen and a quarter millions sterling. The total number of men is two hundred and twenty-seven thousand, and of these over twenty-four thousand are in the American possessions.

The House of Commons has adopted a resolution declaring that the colonies exercising the right of self-government ought to undertake the responsibility of providing for their own internal security.

Mr. Haliburton protested against the resolution as ill-timed.

It is reported that Smith O'Brien has challenged Sir Robert Peel, offering to meet him in France or Belgium.

Mr. Peabody quits England for a time, with a fortune of seventy thousand pounds sterling per annum.

It was stated that Mr. Peabody had offered, if the funds collected for the "Albert Memorial" should be devoted to the erection of a charitable institution, to give a hundred thousand pounds sterling towards it, or failing in this, that he had determined to expend the sum in building houses for the working classes of London.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondents of the London newspapers give reports that many hundreds of arrests have taken place there.—All men suspected of having been chiefs of barricades in former insurrections, have been imprisoned. These measures had increased the uneasy feelings prevailing.

The Bourse, on the 5th inst., was flat and lower, the Rentes being quoted at 69f. 70c.

The Emperor had sent a quarter of a million francs out of his private purse, to be distributed among the suffering workmen at the great industrial centres.

The French Senate had finally adopted a paragraph in relation to the Roman question, by a vote of 126 to 0, amidst much applause.

M. Billult previously explained the Government policy, which still desires the independence both of Italy and the Pope. He pointed out the difficulties and dangers that would attend the evacuation of Rome, and said that the Government did not yet despair of overcoming the opposition of the Papal Government to an arrangement with Italy.

Prince Napoleon's attack on Austria, during the debate, led to a demand for explanations, which proved satisfactory.

ORDNANCE CAPTURED SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR.—Since the rebellion broke out there have been captured from the Federals at Manassas, and elsewhere, thirty pieces of artillery. The following is a statement of the number of guns taken from the rebels:—

Mill Springs entrenchments	16
Fort Henry	17
Roanoke Island	42
Elizabeth City	5
Bowling Green	4?
Fort Donelson	65
Near Bird's Point, Mo.	6
Columbus	13
Fort Clineb	14
Pea Ridge	13
New Madrid	57
Batteries on the Potomac	10
Shipping Point battery	6
Evansport battery	7
Other Potomac batteries	10
Newbern, N. C.	61
Miscellaneous	10
On vessels	6
Total	496

This list is made up from newspaper sources. Could the facts be more accurately got at, it is probable that the entire number of cannon, large and small, captured from the enemy, would be considerably increased.

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER AND A REBEL SON.—A few days since Mrs. Tilgaman, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Lowry, came to this city, and put up at the Revere House, for the purpose of visiting Gen. Tilghman, the rebel prisoner at Fort Warren. There was some difficulty in obtaining the required permission, but, on Saturday, the mother and sister were allowed to visit the fort, and have an interview with the prisoner. The first exclamation on meeting him was: "Oh, my rebel son;" and, during the conversation, she said: "when I heard you were taken, I thanked God that you were rescued from secession influences, and were I to hear there was any chance of your being exchanged, I would go on my knees to the President to prevent you from again joining the rebels, for I had rather have you remain here during your life than to know you were among the traitors of the country."

Mrs. Tilghman received her permit to visit the fort direct from Secretary Stanton, whom she addressed, stating that though her son was a rebel, he was still her son, and she felt it her duty to visit him, if permitted. She left for Philadelphia, accompanied by her daughter, on Saturday afternoon, expressing her obligations to Col. Dimmick and others, for their kindness and attention.—*Boston Gazette.*

MORE IRON-CLAD VESSELS TO BE BUILT.—The Secretary of the Navy has made arrangements for constructing a half dozen additional iron-mail vessels of the style of the Monitor, except that they will be something longer and larger, and the tonnage will probably reach the neighborhood of one thousand tons. The smoke-stack is to be heightened, so as to prevent smoke from being blown down and suffocating the crew. With this change, the officers of the Monitor said to Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, that they had no fear of going to sea in her. Indeed, Mr. Ericsson is preparing specifications for constructing a Monitor-shaped ship which shall be over three hundred feet long. Should this style of iron-clad vessel be the only one fit for sea-going, then are we ahead of the navies of the world. The new vessels are to have turrets a foot thick, of iron, and fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns are to be used in them.

IRON VESSELS.—The cost of the Monitor is stated at $275,000, about half the cost of first-class sailing frigates like the Congress. Iron vessels are safe against dry rot and the usual sources of decay in wooden vessels, and are worth much more when old enough to break up. Their repairs are very light, and they may be efficiently manned by a crew equal in strength to only one third or one-half of one of our frigates, and would therein effect a great saving in our naval expenditures.

BATTLE OF SUGAR CREEK, OR PEA RIDGE.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from the camp on Pea Ridge, under date of March 11, gives the following interesting particulars:—

Sterling Price, after flying north for some distance, turned to the west, and then retreated southward, joining Van Dorn, doubtless according to previous agreement, somewhere in the Boston Mountains.

AMAZEMENT OF THE REBELS AT THEIR DEFEAT.—From some of the prisoners I learn that the rebel chiefs were perfectly astounded at their defeat, and were at a total loss to comprehend its cause. Their disappointment was all the more bitter, because they regarded their victory as a *fait accompli*; so much so that they had agreed upon the treatment of their prisoners and the disposition of our principal officers.

The enemy certainly had us at a great disadvantage, and the man must have been sanguine, indeed, who, on Saturday morning could find food for hope. By all military rules and strategic theories, I think it could have been clearly shown on Friday night that we must be beaten on the following day.

Our forces were not half so numerous as those of the foe; they had every advantage of position, full confidence and the embarrassment of Friday's success; and yet we flogged them magnificently in violation of all martial ratiocination, and in the face of their declaration that nothing would save the entrapped Yankees from utter annihilation.

THE SCALPING SAVAGES AGAIN.—Of the statement that the rebels gave the Indians large quantities of whiskey in which gunpowder was dissolved, previous to leading them into battle, there is now another version. The enemy say the savages did not receive any liquor from them, but that the Indians discovered several barrels of whiskey and appropriated it to their own use. Of course they drank hugely; and while their superlative stimulus contributed largely to their fighting propensity, it exercised no very favorable influence upon their discrimination.

They were less timid and more bloodthirsty after their intoxication; but it so enlarged their ideas of nationality, and restored to recollection their wrongs from the white race, that they determined to make no narrow distinctions in regard to geographical lines. Consequently they butchered and scalped an Arkansan or a Louisianian with as much self-complacency as an Indianian or Illinoisian—doubtless a very pleasant and commendable proceeding on their part, but which the southerners, from some mental obliquity fail to appreciate.

THEIR FAILURE AS WARRIORS.—The Indians, during the battle, displayed very little, if any, courage, and beyond the drunken fray displayed at the expense of those who had induced them to take part in the war, they did nothing commendable. Their fighting was a failure. They had little relish for it; and they therefore confined themselves to robbing the dead, killing the wounded, and scalping alike their friends and foes.

The experiment of enlisting the Indians in the rebel service will hardly be tried again, I think. The enemy evidently deem it a hazardous business, and one that, on the whole, admits of little compensation. Some of the prisoners are greatly incensed against the savages, and talk of hunting them to death.

An Arkansan, who had been wounded and partially scalped by one of the Cherokees, is so enraged against them as to be in danger of apoplexy when their name is mentioned. Speaking on the subject this morning, he remarked that it was a pretty idea to coax a set of red devils into the army to give them an opportunity of scalping you; and, as for himself, he intended to kill every Indian he could find hereafter, no matter where and under what circumstances.

THE MANNER OF MCCULLOCH'S DEATH.—Concerning the death of McCulloch and McIntosh, there seems to be but one opinion. Both of them were mortally wounded on Friday, during the heavy fighting by General Jeff. C. Davis against the centre column of the enemy. It will be remembered the rebels gave way, and the two Southern chieftains made the most determined efforts to rally them in vain.

McCulloch was struck with a minie rifle ball in the left breast—as I am assured by one who says he saw him fall, and after he was taken from the ground—while waving his sword, and encouraging his men to stand firm. He died of his wounds about 11 o'clock the same night, though he insisted that he would recover; repeatedly saying, with great oaths, that he was not born to be killed by a Yankee.

A few minutes before he expired his physician assured him he had but a very brief time to live. At this Ben looked up incredulously, and saying, "Oh, Hell!" turned away his head, and never spoke after.

I presume if Ben be really dead, the Southern papers will put some very fine sentiment into his mouth in his closing moments; but the last words I have mentioned are declared to be correct by a prisoner. They are not very elegant nor very dramatic, but quite expressive, and in McCulloch's case decidedly appropriate.

HOW MCINTOSH DIED.—It is reported that McIntosh was struck near the right hip with a grape-shot, while giving an order to one of his aides, and hurled from his horse. The wound was a ghastly one, and though it must have been very painful, McIntosh uttered no groan, but calmly gave directions for his treatment. A few minutes after, he fell into a comatose state, from which he never recovered—passing through Death's dark portal, while his attendants supposed he still lay beside the golden gates of Sleep.

REBEL HATRED OF SIGEL.—The secessionists, so far as I can learn from the prisoners here, are very bitter against Sigel, on account of his nativity no less than his ability. They attribute their defeat mainly to him, and say they would not have cared if they had been repulsed by an American, but to be overcome by a "d——d Dutchman" is more than they can endure with patience.

A SECESH FEMALE CAUGHT.—The Louisville Journal has the following anecdote of Gen. Buell:

A few days ago, as Gen. Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. W., living in a fine, large house, stood at an open door or window, waved a rebel flag toward him, and cried, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The General reined in his horse, turned toward the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is remarkable, and surveying the fine house from top to bottom with the eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked,—"*An excellent house for a hospital.*" In less than two hours every room was full of sick soldiers, and Mrs. W. was politely requested to take kind care of them. We heartily congratulate her upon her blessed privilege of ministering to the needs of suffering patriots.

In the House, Mr. Sedgwick has introduced a joint resolution, which was passed, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to cause the steam frigate Roanoke to be ironclad and otherwise altered and improved in his discretion, at the earliest day possible.

Department of Agriculture.

In the Senate recently Mr. Simmons reported House bill for the establishment of a Department of Agriculture, without amendment. The first section provides for the establishment in Washington of a Department of this nature, the general duties and designs of which shall be to diffuse knowledge on all subjects connected with agriculture in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, and to propagate and distribute among the people new and valuable seeds and plants. The second section provides for the appointment of a Commissioner of Agriculture at a salary of five thousand dollars per annum.

The third section makes it the duty of the Commissioner to acquire and preserve in his Department all information concerning agriculture which he can obtain by means of books and correspondence, and by practical and scientific experiments, (accurate records of which experiments shall be kept in his office,) by the collection of statistics, and by any other appropriate means within his power; to collect, as he may be able, new and valuable seeds and plants; to test, by cultivation, the value of such of them as may require such tests; to propagate such as may be worthy of propagation, and to distribute them among agriculturists. He is required to make a general report in writing of his acts to the President, in which he may recommend the publication of papers forming parts of or accompanying his report, which report shall also contain an account of all monies received and expended by him. He is required also to make special reports on particular subjects whenever required to do so by the President or either House of Congress, or when he shall think the subject in his charge requires it. He shall receive and have charge of all the property of the Agricultural division of the Patent Office in the Department of the Interior. He shall direct and superintend the expenditure of all money appropriated by Congress to the Department, and render accounts thereof, and also of all money heretofore appropriated for agriculture and remaining unexpended. The Commissioner may send and receive through the mails, free of charge, all communications and other matter pertaining to the business of his department not exceeding in weight thirty-two ounces.

The Commissioner is authorized to appoint a chief clerk at $2,000 per annum, and other employees at salaries corresponding to clerks in other Departments, including chemists, botanists, &c.

This bill detaches the Agricultural Bureau from the Patent Office, and remedies many defects in the present system.

WOODEN GUNS.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from the late rebel batteries on the Potomac, says:—

We have made a tour around the whole country from Manassas. The country presents the same appearance of desolation as near Washington. From the remaining inhabitants who have been here all summer and winter we learn that the rebels never had over twelve thousand troops from Aquia Creek to Manassas.

That the whole winter they have been moving backward and forward all the time. Their light artillery being so continually moved that our vessels were deceived as to their strength and number of guns.

In nearly all the batteries are wooden guns, or Quakers, similar to the ones we found at Centreville and Manassas. *Gen. Hooker has had some of them taken over to the Maryland shore, to forward to Washington.* All their good cannon were spiked or destroyed but one, which has been removed by General Hooker.

Everything goes to show that the retreat was quietly and orderly conducted, nothing of any value being left. The troops marched down to Fredericksburg. A deserter from the Texan Rangers, James Crowell, Company C, says that they have two regiments at Aquia Creek, and are moving all their stores, &c., to Fredericksburg, where they have five brigades under Generals Wigfall, French, Whiting, Walker and Holmes. There are not over ten thousand effective men in the whole, and all are thoroughly demoralized and panic stricken.

SCENE FOR A PAINTER.—The following from a Knoxville (Tenn.) *rebel* journal, describing a secret meeting of thirty or forty Unionists, called together by a well-known patriot, David Fry, admirably illustrates the "idolatrous love" for the "stars and stripes," and suggests a subject worthy the highest inspiration of our best historical painter:

"Fry drew forth a United States flag, and spreading it upon a table in the centre of the room, called upon his followers to surround that emblem of the Union, and take with him the oath of allegiance. This was late in the night, and after the whole plot had been fully understood, the conspirators surrounded the table in groups, and by direction of the leader, placed their left hands upon the folds of the flag, raising aloft their right hands, and swearing to support the Constitution of the United States, to sustain the flag there spread before them, and to do that night whatever may be impressed upon them by their chief. The oath was taken by all except two or three, in solemn earnest, and in silence; the darkness relieved alone by the dim and flickering light of a solitary candle. The scene was impressive—the occasion was full of moment—and everything transpired to fill the hearts of the traitors with a fixed determination."

THE ILLINOIS COFFEE TREE.—W. T. Dennis, of the Agricultural Bureau, says that a considerable inquiry has been made in reference to the "Illinois Coffee Tree." Mr. Dennis says that this is the plant imported by the Agricultural Division in 1854, under the name of *Garbanzo*, (Cicer arietinum) or chick-pea, from Alicante, in Spain. This is an annual plant, much cultivated in the south of Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa.—Cooked whole, it is not easy of digestion; but when eaten in the form of a soup or porridge, it is much esteemed. The famous Parisian dish called *puree aux croutons*, and the *olla podrida* of Spain, particularly the former, are composed of this pea. In warm countries it is sown in autumn, and harvested the following summer; but in a more temperate climate it is sown in spring and gathered in autumn, just before its perfect maturity, in order that it may more readily be cooked. How far this article may be substituted for coffee the Bureau is unable to say.

WAKING UP.—The Senate Naval Committee have decided by a formal vote to incorporate in an appropriation bill the sum of $758,000 for the completion of the Stevens Bomb and Shot-proof Battery, now at Hoboken, New Jersey, awaiting completion.—They also decided to report a bill appropriating *fifteen millions* for the construction of *ironclad war steamers.* This enables the Secretary of the Navy to either contract for the construction of an iron steam-ram, ironclad war steamers, or iron-clad gunboats, as in his opinion the public service may require. The committee specify no plans nor details, but leave the whole matter open to the Bureau of Construction of the Navy Department.—This important action changes the entire policy of the government in maintaining a navy.

SPECIMEN OF "MILLIONAIRE" LITERATURE IN NEW YORK.—The following note is a *verbatim et literatim* production of one of the richest land holders in New York. He is so rich in real property, that a considerable collection of houses is named after him:

NEW YORK FEBRY THE 21st.

dear Sur yours is recd. you want to no a bout My house at High Bridge occupyed by —— I ask 1600 dolls for the hole plase.

(Signed) &c., &c.

The gentleman to whom this note was addressed declined "the hole plase," as he was afraid that it wasn't healthy, and he might, like its owner, have a bad *spell.*

SPECIAL dispatches from Cairo state that it is reported from Syketon that Jeff. Thompson is marching upon Cape Girardeau, and pressing men and horses into the rebel service. A skirmish has taken place between the Union forces and his advance, in which three of the enemy were killed and wounded. Reinforcements have been sent to Cape Girardeau.

CHARLES MACKAY, the English poet, denies that he has had anything whatever to do with the cause of Secession.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been only a moderate export demand for Flour during the past week. Some 10,000 bbls have been disposed of, mostly for shipment, at irregular rates, ranging at $5@5,25 for common and good superfine; $5,37½@5,50 for extras; $5,62½ up to $6 for extra family, the latter for choice, and $6,12½@6,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. The bulk of the sales are of western extra family, including 3,000@4,000 bbls taken on terms kept private. The sales of the trade have been to a limited extent only, within the same range of prices for superfine extras and extra family, and from $6,50@6,75 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is steady, with rather more doing, and 500 bbls have been taken at $3,25. Corn Meal is more active, but prices at the close are unsettled; sales reach 1,300@1,600 bbls, at $2,75 for Penna, including one lot of country Meal at $2,56½, and 500 bbls Brandywine on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The market has been very poorly supplied with Wheat. Sales of 35,000 bush to note at $1,32@1,34 for fair to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania Reds, in store, mostly at $1,33@1,34; including Southern at $1,34@1,36, the latter afloat, and White at $1,37@1,45 for Pennsylvania and Kentucky, and $1,47@1,50 for handsome Southern. Rye is more active, and all offered, some 7,000 bush Pennsylvania, sold at 70@72c, in store and delivered at the latter rate. Corn is arriving, and selling more freely at previous quotations, and about 50,000 bush Yellow found buyers at 54c for prime dry lots, afloat; 50@53c for damp do; and 28@35c for damaged; including prime Pennsylvania at 54c, delivered; and White at 55@60c, as to quality. Oats continue neglected and dull, and only some 15,000 bush have been disposed of at 34@36c. Barley is firm, with further small sales of prime New York at 88@90c. Of Mill Feed small sales are reported at $17 ₱ ton. Of white Beans we notice sales at $1,50@2 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The demand for bbld Meats is limited, Western Mess Pork selling in lots as wanted at $13@13½ ₱ bbl. City packed is held higher, with small sales. Of Beef the sales are also limited at $13@16 ₱ bbl for Western and city Mess. Dressed Hogs are worth 5¾@5¾ the 100 lbs. Bacon is dull, with a small business only to noteat about previous quotations. Green Meats are arriving and selling rather more freely. We quote Hams at 5½@6½c, in salt and pickle, Sides 5@5½c, and Shoulders at 4@4½c in salt, cash and time. Of Lard further sales of 2500 pkgs are reported at 7¼@7¾c for country packed; prime Western tierce at 8½@8¾c, cash and time, and kegs at 8¾@8¾c ₱ lb. Butter is unchanged, with moderate sales at 8@9c for packed, and 13@14c for Roll. Cheese is unchanged, and quoted at 6½@7c ₱ lb. Eggs are lower, and dull at 14c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The stock on sale is very much reduced; 150 bales have been taken in small lots at from 18c to 24c, cash, for inferior to middling and good middling quality. Included in the above is a small lot grown in southern Illinois, taken at 26c.

ASHES—The demand for both kinds continues limited, and prices about the same.

BARK—Quercitron is arriving slowly, and 1st No 1 is in good demand at fully former rates, with sales of about 100 hhds in small lots at $33,50 ₱ ton, for 1st No 1, including 20 hhds of a better brand at $35. For Tanners' Bark there is some inquiry, but we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX is scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers, and we quote good Yellow at 33@33c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is a moderate inquiry for shipment, mostly to go East. For home use the demand is moderate, and prices about the same.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals, and the market is quiet but firm, buyers taking hold in a small way only, at about previous quotations; sales reach only 700 bags, in small lots, at 18¼@21½c for low grade and good Rio, and 21@22c for Laguayra, cash and time, mostly of the former.

COPPER is without alteration in price or demand, and the sales confined to Yellow Metal at 23c, on time.

FEATHERS are moving off rather more freely, and we quote good Western at 35@36c ₱ lb, and a moderate business doing.

FRUIT—There is no change, and a moderate business to note at 5@6c for Dried Apples, and 7@9c ₱ lb for Unpared Peaches. Green Apples are scarce, and selling at $4½@6 ₱ bbl.

HAY meets with a fair inquiry, and good Timothy is quoted at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—Holders are firm in their views, but the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business to note in Eastern and Western at 15@20c ₱ lb.

IRON—Holders are firm in their demands.—About 1500 tons Anthracite Pig sold, mostly at $20 for No 3 and $21 for No 1, both cash. Included in the above are 400 tons at $22 for No 1 and $21 for No 2, on time.

LEAD is quiet, for the want of stock to operate in here. Some of the dealers are buying in another market at rather lower rates.

LUMBER—There is no alteration in the market, and little or none coming forward as yet from the interior to establish prices.

MOLASSES is firm, and good quality rather scarce. Sales comprise 200 hhds Cuba, part private and part at 23@27c for Clayed and Muscovado; a small lot of Porto Rico at 30c, and 200 bbls Syrup at 26@30c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER continues scarce and in demand, and sells, if here, would bring $3@3¼ ₱ ton.

RICE—There is little or no Carolina here, and prices range at 7¾@7¾c. East India is held at 6¾c ₱ lb, with a limited business doing.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover coming in, and the market is better, with sales of 2500 bus to note at $4,50@5, as to quality, closing at $5 ₱ bus, at which rate prime lots are scarce and wanted. Timothy is unsettled and lower, 300 bus Western having been sold at $2,12½; we quote nominally at $2,25@2,37½, and domestic Flaxseed at $2,10@2,15 ₱ bus, and very little offering. Red-top has advanced, and sales are making at $2,50 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—The market for Brandy and Gin is firm but quiet at about previous rates. N E Rum is selling as wanted at 36@37c. Whiskey is unsettled and dull, bbls selling slowly at 25½@26½c for Penna and Western, and Drudge at 24c.

SUGARS are firm but only moderately active, with sales of about 1300 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note at 6¾@7¼c, including some Porto Rico, in small lots, at 7½@8c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is quiet, and the sales mostly confined to country at 8½c. City rendered is quoted at 9@9½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market remains very inactive; the stock on sale is light, and without any change to note.

WOOL—There is little or no alteration in price or demand, and a limited business doing in this staple. Sales include only a few small lots, mostly foreign, within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1563 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8c ₱ lb. 70 Cows were sold at from $18 to 40 ₱ head. 4700 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,50 to 5,25 nett. 890 Hogs brought from $6 to 6,50 ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE S. LEWIS, 25 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MR. EDITOR:—In answer to numerous inquiries in reference to Dr. J. R. NEWTON, I would say, that in Oct., 1860, I visited him in Boston. I found him to be a plain, unassuming man.

His rooms were crowded by patients and their friends, a motley group of the lame, the halt and the blind. He invited me into his operating-room to witness his mode of treating various diseases. He was seeing from eighty to one hundred patients daily, most of whom were of the poor, toward whom his attention was bestowed with as much kindness as to any class.

I saw him operate on more than one hundred persons who had various forms of disease. Of these I will mention a case of Paralysis, an old man, a painter by trade, came hobbling in on two crutches. He said he had not been able to rise from his seat or walk without aid for eight months. In about twenty minutes he rose up and walked away, going up and down stairs without a cane or crutch. His mode of treatment was by pressure with his hands along the spinal column, and over the limbs. He also applied warm water to them, and moved them in various directions. This was the general plan of treatment of Paralysis.

Another case was that of a little boy about six years old who had hip disease. He came in limping on one foot, the other drawn up several inches. In a few minutes the limb was drawn down, and he ran round the room without any aid. I saw a large pile of crutches and supporters that had been left with the Doctor by his patients who had no longer any use for them.

Deafness was in many instances cured, weak or sore eyes, and even blindness was treated with success. Loss of voice, Rheumatism and various nervous diseases. Many of these cases were in the list of incurables, and though they were not all cured, few of them were sent away without relief.

The Doctor is at present located in New York, at 32 East Eighteenth Street, where he may be seen. His terms are in proportion to the means of the patient, the poor being always attended gratuitously, and the charge to others being in proportion to their means. "In no case is a cure guaranteed." I send you herewith a list of patients who have been treated by him recently. Any of these may be referred to.

Yours, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. J. HIGGINS, Norwich, Conn.—Cured of Dyspepsia, Neuralgia and general Debility.

MRS. C. M. SUTTON, Washington, Dutchess Co., N. Y.—Very lame from Rheumatism; cured in twenty minutes, and left crutches.

DAVID TRENCHARD, Palisades, Rockland Co., N. Y.—Heart Disease and Spinal Weakness; cured.

MRS. CATHARINE RAY, S. E. corner 50th St. and Third Avenue, N. Y.—St. Vitus Dance.—Could neither walk or talk; cured.

MRS. C. L. SHERBURNE, 249 Eighth Avenue.—Partial loss of sight for 10 years, with great pain and inflammation; entirely cured.

MRS. JAMES SAUNDERS, Rahway, New Jersey.—Fistula, Dimness of Sight and great Inflammation of the Eyes; cured in one operation.

DANIEL VAN CAMP, Fort Plains, N. Y.—Very Lame for many years; cured in one operation, and left crutches.

MRS. T. B. SAGE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Curved Spine and Kidneys badly diseased; cured.

MRS. MARY W. OWEN, 46 19th Street, N. Y.—Bad case of Asthma; cured.

MISS SARAH B. HOGAN, Paterson, N. J.—Very Lame eight years, Withered Limb; left crutches and walked three miles at once.

MISS AMANDA D. HALE, Arlington, Vermont.—Hip and Spine Disease, 7 years standing; cured and left her crutches.

MRS. GODFREY, River Street, Newark, N. J.—Catarrh; cured in one operation.

MR. CLARK MARTIN, Auburn, N. Y.—Sciatica; cured.

MR. CORNELIUS UNDERWOOD, Auburn, N. Y.—Cured of Spinal Disease in two operations.

MR. EDWARD BYRNE, Worcester, Mass.—Fever Sore and Rheumatism; cured.

MRS. JENNIE GEORGES, Bridgeport, Conn.—Cured of nine years' lameness in five minutes.

MRS. LEILA COFFIN, Indianola, Texas.—Inquire of 231 West 34th Street, N. Y.—Nineteen years Prolapsus Uteri and Hæmorrhoidal Tumor, brought in arms, and walked to 34th St.; cured.

MRS. JULIA SNYDER, Troy, New York—Weak Nerves and great Debility; cured in one operation.

MR. GYLES BRADFORD, Canterbury, Conn.—Rheumatism 6 years; cured instantly.

MRS. D. TOPPING'S CHILD.—St. Vitus Dance; cured instantly.

MRS. LYDIA GLEASON, 116 Prince St., N. Y.—Straight finger, from being broken; made to bend as well as ever.

MR. B. B. SMITH'S DAUGHTER, North Branch, N. J.—Cured of Lameness in one operation.

MRS. T. W. SMITH, Elizabethport, N. Jersey.—Rheumatism all over, very bad 14 years; cured in a few minutes.

MRS. WM. LUDDEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Chronic Headache 15 years; cured.

MRS. HELEN M. BOYD, Northampton, Mass.—Scrofula on lip; cured.

MRS. JANE KELLEY, 655 Hudson St., N. Y.—Large Tumor 3 years; cured.

MR. LEWIS WOOD, Paterson, N. J.—Bad Fever Sores on Leg; cured.

MR. JOSEPH STANTON, New Briton, Staten Island.—Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism 6 years standing; could not step foot to the floor when brought; cured and walked off we L.

MRS. JULIA KILBOURN, Hartford, Conn.—Deafness and Female Weakness of 18 years; cured.

MRS. CATHERINE E. PEASE, 42 Prospect, corner Adams St., Brooklyn, L. I.—Ovarian Tumor and general Weakness 29 years; perfectly cured.

MR. DANIEL CONDIT, Newark, N. J.—Child Paralyzed, and unable to walk; cured.

MRS. CATHERINE DAVENPORT, Elizabethport, N. J.—Female Weakness (bad case) 8 years; cured.

MRS. W. A. CLEVELAND, 54th St., near Eighth Avenue, N. York.—Chronic Diarrhœa 6 years; instantly cured.

MR. L. D. SMITH'S CHILD, Brooklyn, 150 Gold St., cor. High.—Bad Scrofulous Humor; perfectly cured. mh29-1t

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 29 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 23, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2 to 5 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Mary and	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	0 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	1 to 2½ dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

TO BUYERS of WATCHES and JEWELRY.—Dollar Stores, Stationery, and Jewelry Envelop Dealers, Gift Enterprises, Indian Trading Expeditions, and everybody buying Watches and Jewelry. Be sure and send for a revised trade list. Address

SALISBURY BROS. & CO., Providence, R. I.
mh29-3t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. R. Kennard, Mr. JOHN G. BULL, to Miss ANGELINE E. STANLEY, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ALFRED H. WORTHINGTON, of Camden county, N. J., to Miss WILMINA M. RUTH, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 14th of Nov. last, by the Rev. Robt. C. Matlack, Mr. CHARLES C. BOWEN, to Miss MARY A. STRETZELL, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Jas. Seddon, Mr. GEORGE NICE, to ANNA R. HALLOWELL, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. FREDERICK W. CARTER, to Miss MARY F. RYAN, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr. WILLIAM GLASSY, to Miss MARGARET M. HART, both of this city.

On the 6th of February, by the Rev. Jacob H. Nickels, Mr. WILLIAM LEWIS, of Reading, Pa. to Miss JOANNA NICKELS, of this city, and daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, the 19th instant, SARAH ANN, wife of the late Benj. W. Richards.

On the 16th instant, after a short illness, JOHN, only son of Henrietta and the late John MASON, aged 18 years.

At New Castle, Del. on the 17th instant, MARY JANVIER, relict of Thomas Janvier, in her 85th year.

At Germantown, on Friday, the 14th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, wife of Dr. Wm. H. Squire, and daughter of John Button, Esq. in her 38th year.

On the 18th instant, in Camden, ANNIE, wife of Chas. D. Hineline, in her 38th year.

On the 18th instant, PETER CLASS, in his 78th year.

On 2d-day evening, 3d mo., 17th, LYDIA, daughter of the late Algernon Roberts, in her 70th year.

On the 17th instant, HANNAH STRINGER, in her 59th year.

On the 18th instant, WILLIAM FORREST, in his 67th year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM RADDE, in his 35th year.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

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Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

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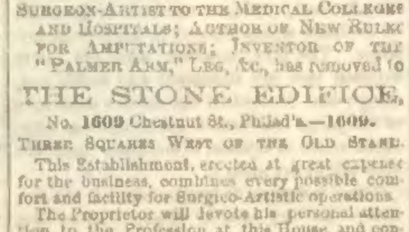

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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"THE OLD TOM CAT."

Don't you remember the old Tom cat, John Smith,
The old Tom cat whose notes were so high,
As he used to serenade us each night, John Smith,
When the stars were bright in the sky?
Down by the old Niagara's shore, John Smith,
Where the elm stands silent and lone,
Some naughty boys threw in the river one day
The old Tom cat attached to a stone.

Don't you remember old Towzer, John Smith,
Old Towzer, who belonged to Bill Gale,
And how many times, in our childhood sports,
We have tied oyster cans to his tail?
Old Towzer would have lived with Gale, John Smith,
Until he had grown helpless and old,
But they caught him stealing a sheep one night,
And old Towzer's tale was soon told.

Don't you remember the old pond, John Smith,
And the bridge across built of logs,
And how many times we have stood on the bridge
And pelted with stones the poor frogs?
The bridge and pond are gone, John Smith,
And all things are changed that I view,
But I find no change in my pocket, John Smith—
Could I borrow a dollar of you?

THE SACRED SOIL.

The soldiers of the national army of the Potomac have been this winter literally "mudsills." Mr. Orpheus Kerr, of the "Mackerelville Brigade" relates his experience with them as follows:—

"I never really knew what the term 'mudsill' meant, my boy, until I saw Capt. Bob Shorty on Tuesday. I was out in a field, just this side of Fort Corcoran, trimming down the ears of my gothic steed Pegasus, that he might look less like a Titanic rabbit, when I saw approaching me an object resembling a brown stone monument. As it came nearer, I discovered an eruption of brass buttons at intervals in front, and presently I observed the lineaments of a Federal face.

"'Strange being!' says I, taking down a pistol from the natural rack on the side of my steed, and at the same time motioning towards my sword, which I had hung on one of his hip-bones, 'Art thou the shade of Metamora, or the disembodied spirt of a sandbank?'

"'My ducky darling,' responded the æolian voice of Capt. Bob Shorty, 'you behold a mudsill, just emerged from a liquified portion of the sacred soil. The mud at present inclosing the Mackerel Brigade is unpleasant to the personal feelings of the corps, but the effect at a distance is unique. As you survey that expanse of mud from Arlington Heights,' continued Bob Shorty 'with the veterans of the Mackerel Brigade wading about in it up to their chins, you are forcibly reminded of a limitless plum-pudding, well stocked with animated raisins.'

"'My friend,' says I, 'the comparison is apt, and reminds me of Shakspeare's happier efforts. But tell me, my Pylades, has the dredging for these missing regiments near Alexandria proved successful?"

"Capt. Bob Shorty took the mire from his ears, and then, says he:

"'Two brigades were excavated this morning, and are at present building rafts to go down to Washington after some soap. Let us not utter complaints against the mud,' continued Captain Bob Shorty, reflectively, 'for it has served to develope the genius of New England. We dug out a Yankee regiment from Boston first, and the moment these wooden-nutmeg chaps got their breath, they went to work at the mud that had almost suffocated them, mixed up some spoiled flour with it, and are now making their eternal fortunes by peddling it out for patent cement!'

"This remark of the captain's, my boy, shows that the spirit of New England still retains its natural elasticity, and is capable of greater efforts than *lignum vita* hams and clocks made of barrel hoops and old coffeepots. I have heard my ancient grandfather relate an example of this spirit during the war of 1812. He was with a select assortment of Pequog chaps at Bladensburg, just before the attack on Washington, and word came secretly to them that the Britishers down the Chesapeake were out of flour, and would pay something handsome for a supply. Now, these Pequog chaps had no flour, my boy; but that didn't keep them out of the speculation. They went to the nearest graveyard, dug up all the tombstones, put them into an old quartz-crushing machine, pounded them to powder, sent the powder to the coast, and sold it to the Britishers for the very best flour, at $12,50 a barrel!

"New England needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
She manufactures everything,
And sells it mighty cheap.
Rule New England. New England rule the trade,
There's not a thing that grows or goes New England hasn't made!

"And can such a people as this be conquered by a horde of godless rebels? Never! I repeat it, sir—never! Should the Jeff. Davis mob ever get possession of Washington, the Yankees would build a wall around the place, and invite the public to come and see the menagerie at two shillings a-head."

A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.—The Oswego Times says that at a recent wedding in that city, the bridegroom being an army officer, wore his side-arms at the nuptials. A little wide awake brother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and as he has another sister whose "true love" is a carpenter, he boldly inquired: "Ma, when J——— comes to marry Milly, will he wear his saw and hatchet by his side?"

☞ Some joker says, when Yancey gets home he will be as little able to recognize the Southern Confederacy as Lord Palmerston himself.

FITTED TO A HAIR.

Sometime ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. R——, we fell into conversation on the uses of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it.

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round; the negro's oval; the mouse's, apparently jointed; the bat's jagged; and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:—

"I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding, that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly, I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'Oh yes,' I said, 'there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter.

"It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpœna, to attend as a witness on a *trial for murder*. This was very disagreeable, as I have said; but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow with some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them that they might act upon it.

"One juryman in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. 'Does thee mean to say,' said he, 'that thee can tell any hair of any animal?' I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll prove thee.'

"The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home, and, in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterwards, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine, and report on.

"'Is this another murder case?' I inquired; for, if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work.'

"'No, no,' said he, 'it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve; and if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time.' Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation.

"When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat.

"Two or three days afterwards, as I was sitting in my consulting-room, an old farmer-looking man was ushered in. 'Well,' said he, 'has thee looked at them hairs?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat.' 'Well,' exclaimed he, 'so they are. Thou hast forgotten me; but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L—— assizes?' I said I would prove thee; and so I have, for them hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway.' So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope."

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which I believed that a thorough dependence may be placed.

TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND.

"Take hold of my hand," says the little one, when she reaches a slippery place, or when something frightens her. With the fingers clasped tightly around the parent's hand, she steps cheerfully and bravely along, clinging a little closer when the way is crowded or difficult, and happy in the beautiful strength of childish faith.

"Take hold of my hand," says the young convert, trembling with the eagerness of his love. Full well he knows that, if he rely on any strength of his own, he will stumble and fall; but, if the Master reach forth His hand, he may walk with unwearied foot, even on the crested wave. The waters of strife shall not overwhelm him, if he but keep fast hold of the Saviour.

"Take hold of my hand," falters the mother, feeling that she is all too weak for the great responsibilities that throng in her path. Where shall she learn the greatness of the mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfil it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves His people?

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snows of many years. As the lights of earth grow dimmer in the distance, and the darkening eye looks forward to see if it can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Saviour's hand.

Oh, Jesus! Friend and elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, "take hold of our hand."—*Christian Treasury.*

THE EXCESS OF POLITENESS.

EXTREMELY POLITE GENT.—"Pardon me, madam, but I think you dropped this curl?"
[Lady is immensely obliged of course.

HORTENSE AND HER SONS.

One day the Duchess of Bassano gave a ball in honor of the Queen, and Hortense, although sad and suffering, left her *cousin*, and allowed herself to be dressed. Her fair hair, which, when unfastened, reached down to her feet, was arranged in the ancient Greek fashion, and ornamented with a garland of flowers. These were no natural ones, however, but made of diamonds. She wore a dress of rose-colored crape, embroidered with a garland of large silver hortensias. The skirt of her dress and her train were garnished with violets and roses made of precious stones, and on her bosom glistened a *bouquet* of diamonds and hortensias. Necklace and bracelets were of the same costly material, and represented similar flowers.—In this splendid dress—it was a present, sent to her on the previous day by her mother—she entered the drawing-room, followed by the richly attired ladies and gentlemen of her court who were to follow her in the ball. It was a fine sight offered by this room full of ladies glittering with diamonds, and of officers in rich uniforms. The sons of Hortense, who at this moment entered the *salon* to take leave of their "*bonne petite maman*," stopped short, as if dazzled for the moment by so much splendor, and then approached the mother almost timidly. She seemed to appear before them like one of the genii in the Arabian Nights. The Queen guessed the thoughts of her boys, whose ingenuous faces resembled an open book, wherein every one of their feelings might be read. She stretched out a hand to each of the children, and proceeded to a chair, on which she sat down. The younger, Louis Napoleon, who was then six years of age, she took on her lap, whilst Napoleon Louis, two years older than his brother, remained standing at his mother's side, resting his curly head on her shoulder, and looking up with a thoughtful eye to her pale cheek. "Well, Napoleon," said Hortense, as she laid her white, elegant hand on the head of her eldest son, "do you not think I am very beautifully dressed to day? Should you love me less if I were poor, if I wore no diamonds, but only a simple black dress? should you like me less then?" "No, mamma," replied the boy, almost coloring with anger; and little Louis Napoleon, who was sitting on his mother's lap, repeated with tender voice the words of his brother, "No, mamma!" The Queen smiled and said—"Diamonds and fine dresses do not make people happy. We three should love each other quite as well as if we possessed none, but were poor. But tell me, Napoleon, what should you do, if you had nothing, and were left alone in the world? what should you do to maintain yourself?" "I should become a soldier," replied Napoleon, with glistening eyes, "and fight so valiantly that they should be obliged to promote me!" "And you, Louis? What should you do to earn your bread?" The little boy had attentively listened to what his brother said, and seemed still to be thinking about it. It appeared he considered the knapsack and the musket too heavy for him. He thought he was too young to be a soldier. "I," he said, after a pause, "I should sell bouquets of violets, like the poor little boy that stands at the gate of the Tuileries, and to whom you always give something when passing." The ladies and gentlemen who had listened to the children's talk burst out laughing at little Louis's answer. "Do not laugh, ladies," the Queen said, with a serious face, "it was no jest.—I intended to give my sons a lesson, as I saw they were dazzled by the splendor of our diamonds. It is generally the misfortune of princes to imagine that they are made of different material from other men, and, therefore, have no obligations towards them. They rarely know anything about human sufferings and want, and think it almost impossible that these should ever assail them. As soon, therefore, as adversity befalls them, they are so surprised and disconcerted that they cannot find the strength to resist, but are crushed. From such a fate I will preserve my sons!" Hortense kissed the two boys, and went with her suite to the Tuileries. The two little princes continued to discuss for a long time whether it would be easier to earn one's bread by becoming a soldier, or by selling violets at the gate of the Tuileries.—*Memoirs of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon the Third.*

THE BIRTHDAY OF ST. PATRICK.

On the eighth day of March, as some people say,
Saint Patrick, at midnight, at first saw the day;
While others declare on the ninth he was born,
So 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn.

Mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blame the baby, while some blame the clock,
Till, with all their cross-questions, sure no one could know
If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

The first faction-fight in old Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die;
And who wouldn't see right, why, they blacken'd his eye.

At length both these factions so positive grew,
That *each* kept a birthday, so Pat then had *two*,
Till Father Mulcahay, who shows them their sins,
Said "No one could have two birthdays, but twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine—
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark;
So let that be his birthday!" "Amen!" says the clark.

"If he wasn't a twin, sure our hist'ry 'll show
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"
So they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

☞ The word Timbuctoo, supposed to be rhymeless, was once mated by a London professor of mathematics, who was challenged to find a rhyme for it, in the following:—

"If I were a cassowary,
On the sands of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Skin, and bones, and *hymn-book too!*"

Agricultural.

GAPES IN POULTRY.—A writer in the Country Gentleman says he cures this disease in chickens by feeding them on food described as follows:—

I take of cracked corn (chicken feed) four quarts—four quarts coarse wheat bran—scald the meal and bran at the same time—add two table-spoonsful of good wood ashes sifted, as also one tablespoonful of best ground black pepper. I feed my turkeys and chickens in the same way. I feed often, say once every three hours.

STEEPING BARLEY BEFORE SOWING.—A writer in the Homestead recommends that seed barley should be steeped before sowing in a solution of copperas or blue vitrol, the same as is often done for wheat, and then rolled in plaster enough to dry it. He says it has the effect of giving it a rapid start, and makes it come up strong and dark colored. He thinks the benefit equal to ten extra loads of manure per acre.

MODE OF TAPPING MAPLES.

The season for tapping sugar maples having arrived, it may be timely to suggest a method of doing this, which is less injurious to trees than that of using an auger, which, by removing a part of the wood, inflicts incurable wounds upon trees thus tapped.

A sharp gouge, made for the purpose, may be used, whereby none of the wood is removed, and being followed by a spile or spout made for the purpose, the sap is drawn with little injury to the woody fibre of the tree. Take care and not drive the spile as far as the gouge was driven, lest the flow of the sap be prevented. By this process the tree, after the spile is removed, soon heals over, which is not the case when an auger is used.

That mode of tapping trees which is the least injurious to them should be adopted as preferable. We have seen trees that have been tapped with an auger until it was nearly impossible to bore into them without striking an old hole.

Owing to the high tariff on sugar and molasses, farmers will feel inclined to make as much maple sugar and syrup as possible this season.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CHEWING BONES, &c.—It is not well settled what it is that causes cows to chew bones, boards, leather, &c. Some say it is occasioned by a want of bone-making material, the phosphate of lime, perhaps. If this habit were confined to cattle that are poorly fed or thin in flesh, we might suppose that it grows out of a want of a proper quantity of nutritious food; but such is not the case. We have as often seen it in thrifty and well conditioned cows. It can do no harm to mix a little *bone-dust*, that is, ground bones, with meal, and feed to the animal affected, two or three times a week. Dr. Dadd says: "It is well known that phosphate of lime, potass, silica, carbonate of lime, magnesia and soda are discharged in the excrements and urine of the cow. Supposing the cow's bones to be weak, it is possible that the gelatinous elements preponderate over those of lime, soda and magnesia."—*New England Farmer.*

PREVENTIVE OF THE CURCULIO.—Mr. A. C. Hubbard, of Detroit, publishes in the Michigan Farmer a statement that "common" elder bushes tied to the branches of plum trees had prevented the operation of the curculio for three years in a garden he recently visited. His friend had been upon the place five years. The first two years he tried to save his fruits by shaking the insects upon cloths, with but poor success. "An old Frenchman" told him to put elder bushes in his trees. He has done so for three years with the same success—a full crop of perfect fruit. The bushes were put into the trees every few days from the time the fruit was set until full grown.

SIGN OF A GOOD OX.—You should stand before him, and be sure he has a fine hazel eye, large nostrils, broad at and above the eyes, rather slim horns, toes straight out before him, straight in the knees, bosom full, back straight, and wide hips. If you find these points, you need not ask of what breed he is; but if you want one, buy him. A black-eyed ox is not to be depended on, as he will kick and be ugly, while a short-headed ox will start from the whip, but will soon forget it.

LONG-WOOLED SHEEP.—Since 1845 the long-wooled sheep in Massachusetts have gained rapidly on the fine wooled. In 1845 the latter numbered 45,000 more than all others; in 1855, 435 less than the coarse and middle-wooled sheep, which now probably exceed the fine-wooled by 10,000. The causes for this are, the fluctuation in the price of fine wools, and the quick returns for mutton and lamb. Long-wooled or mutton sheep will probably take the lead hereafter in that State.

Useful Receipts.

TO PREVENT BRASS AND OTHER METALS FROM RUSTING.—Dip the articles first into a very dilute nitric acid, then immerse them in linseed oil, and allow the excess of oil to drain. This process effectually preserves metals from oxydation.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil parsnips until tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; make them in pats, dip them in butter, and fry in very little fat until brown; or cover them with egg, and cook gently.

PARSNIP OYSTERS.—To one pint of mashed parsnips add three well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt to suit the taste, and sufficient flour to hold the mixture together. Make into little flat balls and fry brown in butter.

COLD WATER FOR BURNS.—Mr. Seth Hunt, of Northampton, gives the following statement of the success of treating with cold water a severe burn and scald in his family:—"Cold water was applied by immersion, till the pain ceased; the water being changed as often as it became warm. The part was then kept swathed with wet bandages, a dry woolen one enveloping them, until the injury was healed. The healing was rapid, and effected without leaving a scar. The instant relief which the cold water gave from the excruciating pain, was highly gratifying."

BUTTERMILK CAKES.—Make a smooth batter of 1 quart buttermilk and flour: then add 2 large spoonfuls corn meal; 2 eggs, beaten; salt; 1 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in milk; (no cream of tartar.) These are most excellent.

COLD MEAT TURNOVERS.—Make a little dough of patent flour; roll very thin in a circle, and put in like a turnover—cold meat chopped—season—make a batter of patent flour; lay a spoonful on the greased griddle, then a spoonful of the chopped meat, and then one of batter. Turn when browned.

☞ The Odessa papers complain of so many rats and mice that the cats have become gorged, and refuse to catch any more. What a catastrophe that must be!

The Riddler.

NATURAL HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 1, 36, 47, 6, 25, 40, 20, 22, 39, is the species of fish which have the ventral nearer the the tail than the pectoral fins.

My 2, 15, 43, 49, 9, 16, 34, 52, 38, 8, 4, is a serpent, so called, from the *hemorrhages* which its bite is said to produce.

My 5, 15, 36, 36, 30, 13, 48, is a name given to streaked cats.

My 10, 39, 8, 24, 30, 44, 19, 40, 48, 52, is a species of fish preyed upon by the dorado.

My 11, 15, 30, 45, 20, 48, are the extremities of large birds.

My 13, 18, 24, 39, is the most injurious phenomenon known in our climate.

My 14, 46, 37, was an island which was overwhelmed by the sea.

My 15, 28, 46, 50, 19, 23, was a distinguished naturalist.

My 17, 19, 25, 26, 40, 20, is a monkey of the sagoins kind.

My 18, 15, 34, 43, is a portion of the *genus homo.*

My 26, 35, 51, 30, 31, is a noted volcano in Sicily.

My 27, 31, 49, 1, 20, 21, 33, 15, is an animal which lives upon ants.

My 32, 1, 25, 40, 48, 36, 50, 7, 29, is one of the names of the Guinea-hen.

My 42, 1, 39, 42, 43, 50, 15, 20, is a plant of which cats are excessively fond.

My whole is a useful historical work, and its author. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 1, 18, 6, 4, 3, 1, is a country in Asia.
My 2, 13, 23, is a city in India.
My 9, 13, 10, 1, 27, 7, is a county in Texas.
My 1, 19, 17, 25, 28, 26, is a county in Mississippi.
My 23, 5, 25, 26, 19, 7, is a town in Ireland.
My 14, 27, 1, 9, 7, is a town in Russia.
My 4, 21, 23, 23, 7, is one of the German States.
My 15, 14, 15, 28, is a town in Central America.
My 8, 23, 7, 1, is a county in Missouri.
My 26, 15, 13, 14, 3, 10, is a county in Ohio.
My 1, 28, 14, 21, is a county in Iowa.
My 23, 21, 10, 1, 15, 7, is a town in Maryland.
My 19, 10, 13, 22, 17, is a town in Long Island.
My 10, 1, 23, 13, 4, 3, 7, is a county in New York.
My 16, 20, 13, 11, 23, is a county in Georgia.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania. G. M. SHINN.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the rolling waves
Of the stormy deep,
Where in coral graves
Many loved ones sleep,
There find me.

In the public street,
With its busy throng,
Where proud and humble meet
As they pass along,
Fate binds me.

In the meadows green,
Where the birds do sing,
And the flowers are seen
Early in the spring,
You'll find me.

Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mount in North America.
A range of mountains in South America.
A mount in Asia.
A mountain in North America.

The initials form the name of a distinguished American General. GAHMEW.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rod cut in gin. Sob, true mole.
Lye in convent. Ii use no rot.
Ripe cotton. Tenant, U lie.
Great dutt. Prier son.
GAHMEW.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man standing 39 paces, of 3 feet each, from a tree which is 18 feet high and 6 feet in diameter, shoots a hawk from its top; how far did the ball move before it reached the hawk, providing the man's eye, the place from which the ball started, is 5 feet above the ground; and what would be the length of the *hypothenuse*, if continued to the ground by the way of the man's eye?

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa. A. D. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

MENTAL ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Joseph has to perform a journey of 197 miles distance, and his brother Thomas a journey of 185 miles distance; they both start at the same time, but Joseph travels 7 miles in the same time that Thomas travels 6 miles. What number of miles will be left unto each, when both will be at equal distance with the other from his own journey's end?

Selinsgrove, Pa. PERCIVAL JENNETT.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What town, if you take from it a stream, is reduced to an animal alone? Ans.—Oxford.

☞ Which is the largest jewel in the world? Ans.—The Emerald Isle.

☞ Why are ambassadors the most perfect people in the world? Ans.—They are all excellencies.

☞ What bird is the greatest friend to agriculturists? Ans.—The Wheat-ear.

☞ What town, by taking out of it battle, is reduced to part of a candle? Ans.—Warwick.

☞ What town in England signifies "proceed with reproach?" Ans.—Taunton.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"If God be with us, everything that is impossible becomes possible." NATURAL HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Robert Anderson. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Agnes of Sorrento. CHARADE.—Newspaper. RIDDLE.—Civil war.